

MAY 26, 1883

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 704.—VOL. XXVII.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON.

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## BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Is a Household Requisite of Constant Utility

FOR THE NURSERY, THE FAMILY TABLE, AND THE SICK ROOM.

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Appetising for Breakfast.  
Excellent for Luncheon.  
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Incomparable for Tea.  
Delicious with Milk.  
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Sold by Grocers, &c.

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Crisp, Fresh, & Delicious.  
Wilson's "Extra Toast."  
Finest Biscuits Made.  
The Genuine American.  
So Light and Flaky.  
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Price for Ladies', 1s. to 4s. 6d. Gentlemen's 54 in. from 2s. 11d. per yard. THESE BEAUTIFUL SERGES, FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. The Queen says:—"It is pre-eminently useful; and recommends it to practical minds and purses of all lengths." Carriage paid on orders over 20s. to any railway station. ANY LENGTH CUT. Goods packed for exportation. Address—EGERTON BURNETT, WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET. No Agents.

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Hay Fever has hitherto baffled the whole medical profession, and rendered the pleasant season of the year a time of misery to thousands. This need no longer be the case. ALKARAM, if used daily, will ward off all attacks, and has often cured severe cases in half-an-hour. The smell is pleasant and reviving, and relieves headaches. Of all Chemists, 2s. 6d. a bottle. Address DR. DUNBAR, Care of Messrs. F. Newbery and Sons, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

DR. DUNBAR'S ALKARAM;  
OR  
Anti-Catarrh  
Smelling Bottle.

TESTIMONIAL.—"3, Montague Terrace, Richmond, Surrey, July 3, 1878.—Dear Sir,—I have suffered from Hay Fever for fifteen years, but this season have obtained perfect relief by the use of Alkaram.—Yours truly, SAMPSON BURLEIGH."

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THE FOUR-FOLD SCREEN SERIES. THE FAN SERIES. THE SHIELD SERIES.  
WITHOUT EXCEPTION THE MOST EXCELLENT EVER PRODUCED.  
EACH SCREEN BEARS THE IMPRINT OF THE FIRM IN FULL.  
OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL STATIONERY, FURNISHING, AND ART STORES,

## FRY'S COCOA EXTRACT

SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

GUARANTEED PURE COCOA ONLY.

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These are made in various colours and numerous designs, producing a very pretty effect upon Ladies' and Children's Dresses.

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TRIA IN UNO, 23 inches wide, plain, 1s. 3½d. per yard; Striped, 1s. 5½d. per yard; Checked, 1s. 7½d. per yard.

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DOUBLE NUN'S VEILING, 23 inches wide, 1s. per yard.

IRON, 25 inches wide, 9½d. per yard.

CHECK NUN'S CLOTH, SELF COLOURS, 1s. 1½d. and 1s. 4½d. per yard.

BEIGES, TWILLED and PLAIN, 24 inches wide, from 7½d. per yard.

SCOTCH TWEED DRESSES, Specially cheap, adapted for travelling and seaside wear, 22 inches wide, 5s. 11d. for 12 yards.

ANGLO-INDIAN, "My Beautiful Speciality." Fifty-six Colourings and Black. In 8-yard lengths, 44 inches wide, for 1s. 10s. 6d. per yard.

### IMPERIAL BLACK SILKS

Very good Corded Silk . . . 1s. 9d.  
Superior Quality, matchless at price . . . 2s. 6½d.  
Good Soft Gros Grain . . . 2s. 11½d.  
Rich Corded, enduring qualities . . . 3s. 11½d.  
Chapman's Celebrated Lyons . . . 4s. 11d.

BLACK SATINS. Good BLACK SATIN DRESS of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, 1s. 10s.

A Rich BLACK LYONS SATIN DRESS of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, all pure Silk, for 1s. 2.

CHECKED SURAHS, 1s. 9½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d. per yard.

PLAIN SURAHS, 24 inch. New Spring Colours, 3s. 9d. per yard.

OTTOMAN BROCADES AND SPOTS, New Designs, New Colours, from 1s. 11½d. per yard.

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Black Satin Surah, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 11d.

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CACHEMIRE ORIENTAL. A very desirable Silk for Ladies Wearing Black, in two qualities only, 5s. 11d. and 7s. 11d. per yard.

Mons. C. Bonnet and Cie. will hold themselves liable for the wear of every yard.

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These goods are in such great variety, it would be an impossibility to enter into any detail or description that would at the same time do justice to the beauty of the various patterns. I will enumerate one or two that have specially caught my fancy:—

1 is a Terra Cotta Ground, with moss roses in pale peacock blues and sage green foliage. The pattern is illustrated in many colourings, but this would be my favourite.

2 is a design in shades of brown and gold tints, with butterflies and small beetles; this also can be had in many colourings.

3 is a charming little pattern of diminutive fairies and gnats, which sounds much more eccentric than it looks.

4 is a very clever design, something of a shawl or cashmere pattern, and has a great number of colours introduced, but so well arranged that they form a most handsome *toute ensemble*.

PLAIN SATTEENS, 7¼d., 9¼d., 1s., 1s. 2¼d.

FRENCH POMPADOURS, 8¼d., 10¼d., 1s. 2½d., 1s. 3½d.

ZEPHYRS AND SCOTCH GINGHAMS, 8¼d., 10¼d., 1s.

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WASHING PRINTS, 4¼d. per yard.

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BROCADED HAREM CLOTH, for Lawn Tennis, 11½d. per yard.

BROCADES and LACE STRIPES, in White and Cream, from 4¼d.

SKIRTINGS, New Designs, from 1s. per yard.

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"There is no Best Brussels now in the market that can possibly vie with them; their superior firmness, evenness, and brilliancy are apparent to the greatest novice in carpets."—*Furniture Gazette*, October 14, 1882.

May be obtained from all Carpet Dealers and Upholsterers. Every piece having wove at each end,

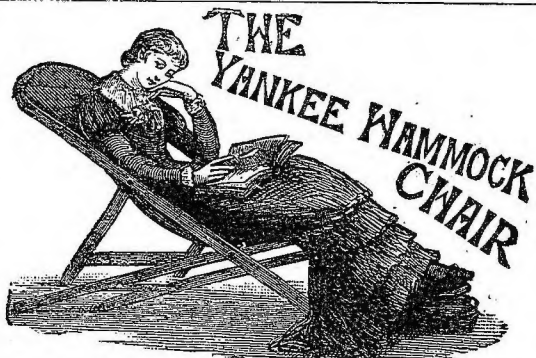
"H. R. WILLIS and CO., KIDDERMINSTER—BEST."





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MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, E.C.; and  
OXFORD STREET, LONDON W.

STERLING SILVER,  
ELECTRO SILVER,  
FINE CUTLERY,  
CATALOGUES FREE.



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Combining SOFA, LOUNGE,  
EASY CHAIR, COUCH, and BED-  
Changed instantly to either use.  
Costs but 17s. 6d. complete. Novel  
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been equalled in the Cabinet of  
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ity is seen at a glance, while its  
strength and portability renders its  
use practical for the LAWN, SEA-  
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It weighs only 8 lbs., and folds into  
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HOUSEKEEPERS, STUDENTS,  
INVALIDS, TRAVELLERS, SOLI-  
DIERS, pronounce it the CHAIR  
OF CHAIRS. Packed and sent to  
any part of the world. Price 17s. 6d.  
in solid oak frame. Our Special Pre-  
sentation Chair in Ebony, with Silk  
and Wool Tapestry, 25s. SOLID  
MANUFACTURERS: STURM and  
KNIGHT, Upholsterers and House Furnishers, 273 and 274, High Holborn, London. Established 1817.—CAUTION  
—COMPARISON CHALLENGED WITH ANY CHAIR OFFERED IN IMITATION OF OUR PATTERNS.

**WHAT IS BEAUTY WITHOUT WHITE TEETH?**—ROSINE, the latest discovery, is guaranteed to make teeth, no matter how yellow and discoloured, beautifully white in one application. It makes offensive breath sweet, and gives a pleasant taste to the palate. It has succeeded where thousands of other preparations have failed. Sent on receipt of P.O.O. for, or Stamps for, 1s. 6d.—HENRY and CO., 9, Union Street, Liverpool.

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**CREAM**  
SOLE PROPRIETORS STEPHENSON BROS. BRADFORD YORKS.



COHEN'S WATCH KEY.  
UNIVERSAL. Will wind any Watch. Will not convey dust. All steel, nickel plated. Post free, 6d.—C. COHEN. Watch Maker, 99, Clayton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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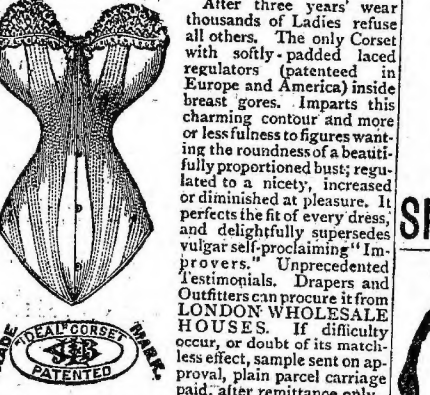
WITH AWNING OR SUNSHADE.  
Simple, Strong, Comfortable, and Compact; will stand anywhere without lines or pegs.  
An agreeable and luxurious Lounge. The cot can be detached instantly from the frame, without disturbing an invalid, and easily moved from place to place. This invention supplies a want long felt and expressed for a simple method of suspending a Bed or Hammock without cord or pegs.

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Samples of Canvas and Cardboard can be obtained at  
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**THIN BUSTS PERFECTED.**



After three years' wear thousands of Ladies refuse all others. The only Corset with softly padded laced regulators (patented in Europe and America) inside breast gorges. Imparts this charming contour and more or less fulness to figures wanting the roundness of a beautifully proportioned bust; regulated to a nicety, increased or diminished at pleasure. It perfectly fits every dress, and delightfully supercedes vulgar self-proclaiming "Improvers." Unprecedented testimonials. Drapers and Outfitters can procure it from LONDON WHOLESALE HOUSES. If difficulty occur, or doubt of its matchless effect, sample sent on approval, plain parcel carriage paid; after remittance only.

**EVANS, BALE, & CO., 52, Aldermanbury, London.**  
White or Black, stitched gold, 8s. 3d., 10s. 6d., 14s. 6d., to 18s. Length 13 inches. Beware of persuasion to take substitute when "IDEAL" not in stock. Also beware of Corsets called "Beau Ideal," or similar sounding names, which are quite different. See words "IDEAL CORSET, PATENTED," stamped on breast regulators. Waist measure required of ordinary corset unstretched.

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**"A SPECIFIC WHICH IS VERY EFFICACIOUS IS WARDE'S CAPILLARE,"**

**"A LIQUID PREPARATION."**  
"Warde's Capillare is not a dye, but a stimulating wash, which will strengthen and promote the growth of the hair, while cleansing the skin of the head. In cases of decided baldness and broad partings the wash is used undiluted, but for ordinary use (as a hair dressing) it is mixed with an equal quantity of water. "Warde's Capillare" not only promotes growth, but arrests incipient greyness, without in any way altering the original colour of the hair."—Myra's Journal for April, 1883.  
2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle; dozen, 7s. or 12s. 6d.; six, 13s. 6d. or 24s.; dozen, 26s. or 46s. Ask your Chemist, Perfumer, or Hairdresser to procure you a sample bottle (2s. 6d. or 4s. 6d.) from the Wholesale House supplying him (as all Wholesale Houses keep it in stock), and be not persuaded to take a substitute because he may say "he never heard of it." Per rail by T. WILKINSON, 270, Regent Street, London, W., upon receipt of P.O.O. Sold in the cities of INDIA by TREACHER and Co.

**KENDAL, MILNE, & CO., MANCHESTER.**  
UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

The Original Producers of THE ROYAL GOLD INTERSECTED DRESS FABRICS, have a fine assortment of NEW BRITISH MANUFACTURED DRESS MATERIALS, for Summer Wear, in Fashionable PLAIDS, CHECKS STRIPES, and PLAIN TEXTURES. at 12½d., 14½d., 18½d. per yard; also ZEPHYR PLAIDS, at 6½d. per yard.

PATTERNS POST FREE. CARRIAGE OF PARCELS PAID.

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**REMARKABLE DISAPPEARANCE!! OF ALL DIRT FROM EVERYTHING BY USING HUDSON'S EXTRACT of SOAP.**

REWARD! Purity, Health, Perfect Satisfaction by its regular daily use.  
SOLD IN 1lb., 2lb. & 4lb. PACKETS.

**ROYAL DEVONSHIRE SERGE.**

All the latest Fashionable Colours, Mixtures, and Textures. For Ladies', Children's, Gentlemen's and Boys' Dress. Hard Wear Guaranteed. Price from 1s. 6½d. per yard.  
**"SEA WATER CANNOT HURT IT"**  
On the authority of the QUEEN, the Dress Fabric specially produced by Messrs. SPEARMAN and SPEARMAN stand unrivalled for Beauty, Durability, and General Usefulness.  
Any Length Cut, and Carriage Paid on Parcel over 20s. in value to any station in England and Wales, and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, and Cork.  
CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED GENUINE OF THE SOLE FACTORS. **PLYMOUTH.**  
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OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.  
CHIMNEY PIECES.  
Illustrated Catalogue Free.

**THE WEALEMEN. The scientific Measuring Machine and Watch-Guard Pendant.**  
E. RUSSELL MORRIS'S PATENT.  
"Supersedes the rule and tape for all ordinary purposes, and will measure the distances on charts and maps with unfailing accuracy and precision."—The Globe.  
By simply passing it over a surface, the exact distance in feet, inches, and fractions is recorded on the dial. Thousands are in use by Military and Naval Officers, Engineers, Architects, Surveyors, Builders, Travellers, Yachtsmen, Bicyclists, &c. Prices: Nickel Silver, 7s. 6d.; Silver, 12s. 6d.; or Miniature, 2s. 6d.; Gold, 9s. 3d.; 15s. 3d.; 18s. 3d.; 25s. 3d.; 35s. 3d.; 45s. 3d. Packed in box and post free on receipt of P.O.O. Abroad, postage for 1½oz. additional. Wealemen mounted with Compasses, or adapted to metric system (le Cartomètre) now ready. Of any Optician and the MORRIS PATENTS ENGINEERING WORKS, 50, High Street, Birmingham. Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

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And Perfection and Economy in Cookery.  
BY USING THE **PATENT TREASURE COOKING RANGE.**  
The First Prize was awarded to the Patentee after nearly One Thousand tests of a variety of Ranges by the Smoke Abatement Exhibition Ladies' Committee South Kensington.—Vide "Times," July 12th and 19th, 1882.  
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BY THE COURTESY OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IS SOLD AT THE BUREAU OF GRAND HOTEL, PARIS  
**W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRISTOL and LONDON.**

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Are the PUREST, CHEAPEST, and BEST BITTERS ever made. They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, and DANDELION—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world, and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No ill-health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.  
They give NEW LIFE and VIGOUR to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an appetizer, Tonic, and Mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic, and stimulating, WITHOUT INTOXICATING.  
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use HOP BITTERS. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing.  
Remember, HOP BITTERS is no vile drugged nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALID'S FRIEND and HOPE," and no person or family should be without them. For Sale by all Chemists and Druggists.  
**TRY THE BITTERS TO-DAY.**

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A Patented mechanical apparatus which can be adapted to all pianos, and will perform with the greatest accuracy and delicacy of expression dance, operatic, and sacred music by means of perforated cardboard.  
The PIANISTA is the most ingenious and perfect piece of mechanism yet invented for playing pianos automatically.  
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Extensive Manufactories at Paris, Grenelle, Mirecourt, and La Coudre (France), for Violins, Brass Instruments, Flutes, Clarionets, Oboes, Harmonic Strings, Musical Boxes, Barrel Organs, Harmoniums. Great assortment of German Accordions and Concertinas, Organinas, and Harmonettes. Sole Agents in Great Britain for "New England Organ."

**EDELWEISS**  
THE NEW REGISTERED PERFUME.  
This most Exquisite, Original, and Permanent Perfume has been pronounced by Connoisseurs to be the finest ever produced. The Fashionable world has pronounced it "unique." Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 7s.  
MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY  
**THE ROYAL PERFUMERY COMPANY (Limited)**  
119, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.  
OBTAINABLE OF ALL MERCHANTS CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

**THE A. & H. "TASTELESS" CASTOR OIL**  
Is pure, active, and absolutely free from odour and unpleasant taste, a result never before attained.  
The Lancet March 4, 1882, writes:—"It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty; whilst its aperient effects are unquestionable. It possesses all the advantages that are claimed for it."  
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The A. and H. Castor Oil, if not in stock, can be readily procured by any chemist. In bottles at 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., 3s., and 4s. Sole manufacturers,  
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*An Effect of Snow -*

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*Driven to Crime  
by Bad Weather*



# THE GRAPHIC

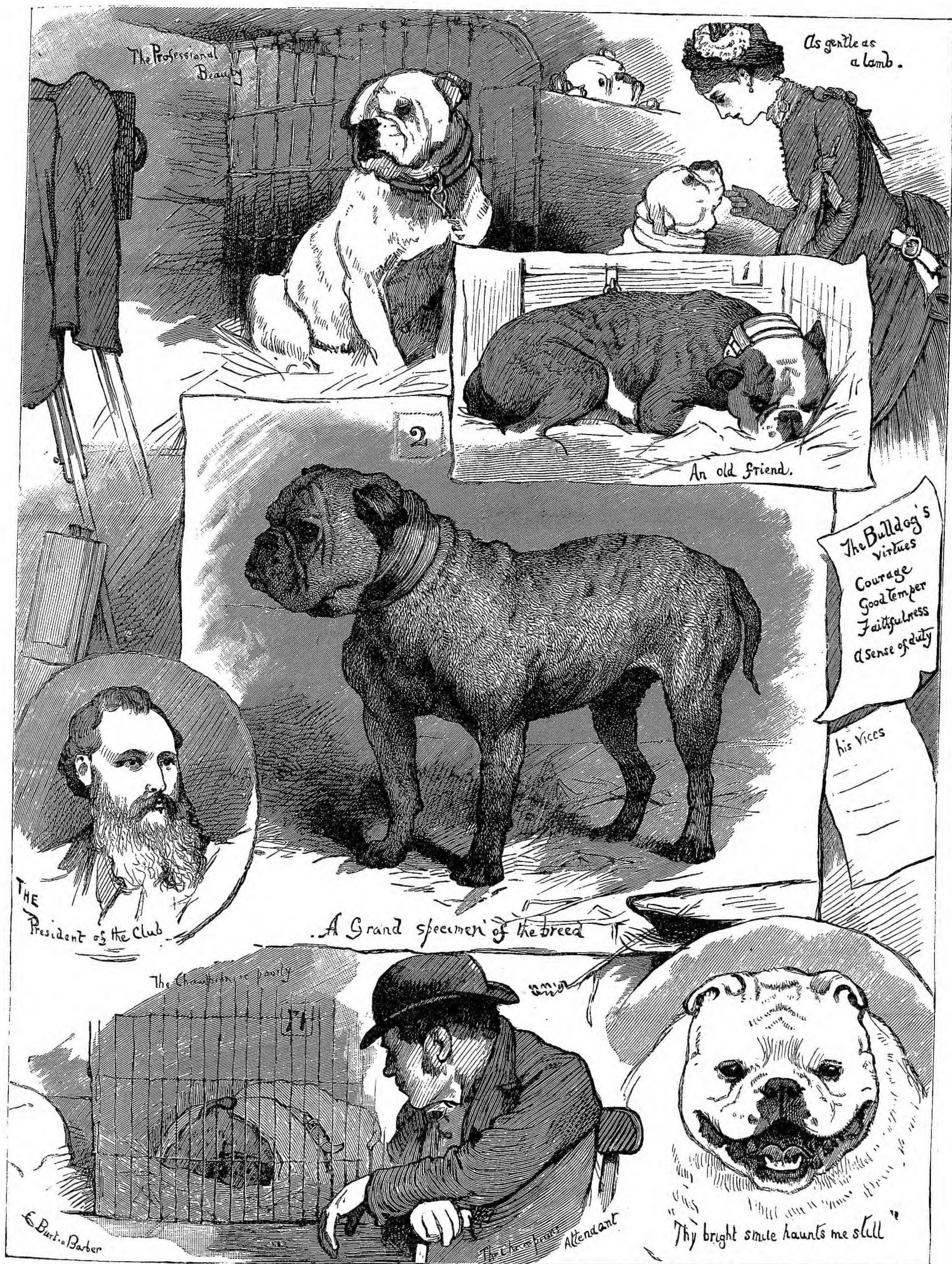
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 704.—VOL. XXVII.  
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1883

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE SIXPENCE  
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny





## Topics of the Week

**RUSSIA AND THE CZAR.**—This week all the world has been reading with astonishment the reports of the magnificent series of ceremonies which are going on in Moscow. The present generation had almost forgotten the possibility of such gorgeous manifestations of national rejoicing. Men who have now entered middle age are not old enough to remember much about the coronation of the late Czar; and although other sovereigns have been crowned since that time, they have assumed their dignities in circumstances which seem tame and cold in comparison with the pomp and splendour of the Russian Court. The evidence of all impartial observers is that the vast multitudes who have come together to greet their new ruler are moved by genuine enthusiasm. After all, this is what might have been expected. No reasonable person ever supposed that the Nihilists included the majority of the Russian people, or that all Russians had ever even heard of them, except in connexion with the assassination of Alexander II. In Russian villages the Czar must still be regarded as the father of his people, who reigns over them by Divine right, and (in a sense very different from that in which the words are used regarding constitutional sovereigns) is incapable of wrongdoing. It does not follow, however, that the Nihilists are not by far the most important political party in Russia. They have ideas, they are united, their zeal for their cause is unbounded, and they are utterly unscrupulous in their choice of means for the attainment of their ends. It is far from improbable, therefore, that if the Czar does not succeed in pacifying the Nihilists, the loyal attachment of most of his subjects will be unable to save him and his country from disaster. The modes of action adopted by the Nihilists are utterly detestable, but nevertheless they exercise a powerful influence, nor does it seem that mere repression will cause them to cease. It would have been fortunate for Russia if her crown had been inherited by a man of genius, who would have insisted on finding out for himself the grievances which at least afford a pretext for this dangerous revolutionary movement.

**THE DOMINION OF CANADA.**—Special qualifications are needed in the man who desires to be a successful ruler over one of our great colonies. Though styled a Governor, he does not so much govern as reign. The autocratic genius of a Bismarck is, therefore, quite out of place. It is not enough to do everything for the people, he must do everything by the people. And the political big-wigs with whom he chiefly comes in contact, and upon whom he is supposed to bestow his fatherly counsels, are not unfrequently vulgar, pushing, self-seeking creatures, whose policy, therefore, is likely to be less far-sighted and patriotic than that of the Governor who is compelled to defer to their decisions. The model man, therefore, for the chieftainship of these quasi-independent States is, he who, without appearing to use influence, nevertheless exercises a quiet and widely-penetrating influence. He must also understand the art of hospitality, he must take the lead in public shows and amusements, he must know how to combine familiarity with dignity. Although the path of duty has been smoothed for Lord Lansdowne by the successful administration of his two predecessors, it is in some respects a disadvantage to come after two such popular Governors. Lord Lansdowne, however, brings with him what the Americans call a good "record." He is descended from a race of men who have done good service to the State, he has shown himself to be a capable and industrious official, and his retirement from the Government on the Compensation for Disturbance question proves that he has the courage of his opinions. His popularity among the Canadians of the Lower Province will not be lessened by the fact that he has French blood in his veins. As for Canada herself, the confederation of the various provinces has proved more successful than was at one time expected; and, as she is at present on amicable terms with the only foreign Power which is ever likely to molest her, she is at liberty to devote herself to the development of her enormous resources.

**DERBY SUPERSTITIONS.**—What will win the Derby? This is a question which will have been answered long before these Notes reach the reader. But, till answered, no question of politics or literature or science has so powerful an interest, as is very natural. To discover the answer would be to have found the modern philosopher's stone, and the secret of wealth. The learned in racing matters, of course, form their decision by a comparison of the public performances of the horses engaged, and by what they know, or suspect, about their private adventures. The most scientific information and calculation have been of very little service this year. The four first horses in the Two Thousand were almost equal favourites, and often outsiders chance to have a lucky day and defeat their most famous opponents. The unscientific public are a good deal guided by superstition. Devotees of "the Archer god" would have said, "Back the favourite." Dreamers of dreams have each their separate vision. People who think "a Derby winner should have an 'r' in his name (like the months in which one may eat oysters)" did not believe in Goldfield or

St. Blaise. Persons who say that a sold horse is unlucky would have nothing to do with Prince. But, after trying Mr. Punch's plan of putting all the names in a hat, drawing out two, labelling them "heads" and "tails," tossing, and taking the lot not indicated by the toss, we drew PRINCE. Here is a "tip" which can do no one any harm, and has not done us any good.

**RADICAL DESPONDENCY.**—In a vigorous speech, delivered the other day at Chelsea, Mr. Plunket spoke of the Radical party as "very miserable;" and probably this is not an exaggerated account of the feeling with which thorough-going Radicals look back upon the political work of the last three years. When Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister, they were confident that Radical ideas were to triumph all along the line, both in domestic and in foreign affairs. There were to be no more half-measures; and Whigs who might object to go too fast and too far were to be promptly sent about their business. Yet we seem to be as far off as ever from the Radical Millennium. The Prime Minister, who was to be so anti-aggressive, has carried on a war which has resulted in the virtual annexation of Egypt; and in Ireland he has endeavoured to restore order by the old-fashioned coercive methods which were supposed to be in favour only among despotic Tories. As regards England and Scotland, the Government is prepared to introduce Liberal measures; but its proposals are anything but "extreme." Even in its treatment of the Land Question, it has not ventured to do more than submit a Bill which has obtained the cordial approval of Mr. James Lowther. In such circumstances Radical politicians could hardly be in a cheerful mood. They do not like to say anything against Mr. Gladstone, whom they so recently idolised; but they have a vague notion that, in some way or other, they have been betrayed. Their mistake is that they assume that the Radical party is the Liberal party. In reality, the Radical party does not even form a majority of the Liberal party; and, if the Government had allowed itself to be dominated by such politicians as Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Jesse Collings, it would probably have been already out of office. It is hard to learn this bitter lesson after all the enthusiasm excited by the Midlothian speeches; but, as events have proved it to be true, Radicals must try to make the best of it. Were they to break away from their less impatient allies, they know that in the immediate future they would be powerless. They have no alternative, therefore, but to restrain their ardour, and to move at the pace which happens to accord with the temper and the convictions of the much-maligned adherents of Moderate Liberalism.

**THE ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE.**—The Egyptian Campaign of last summer was very brief, and the sick and wounded were comparatively few in number, yet the Report of Lord Morley's Committee shows that the hospital organisation was, according to modern ideas, woefully defective. We say, according to modern ideas, because the worst allegations of mismanagement made by Lord Wolseley and other witnesses would have been regarded as natural, and indeed inevitable, in the campaigns of the early years of this century. One thing seems clear. These mischiefs did not arise from the abolition of regimental doctors, a change which was made some ten years ago. They rather seem due to the fact that in an official body there is little or no individual liberty of action, each man forms a single link in a chain, and if the chain gives way in one place, the whole apparatus gets out of gear. Lady Strangford's hospital was clean and neat, and the patients were in comfortable beds, whereas in the Government hospital the men were lying on the ground in filthy clothes, and were not even provided with "whisks" to keep off the swarms of flies. The difference we take it to be was that Lady Strangford could buy what she pleased, whereas the Government medical officers were waiting for the Commissary-General, or some other high-mightiness, and if he failed, it was like the drying-up of the fountain-head. Years ago there was a notable instance of the superiority of private enterprise over Government organisation in such emergencies. The enormous population which had suddenly assembled on the Victorian gold-fields were supplied amply with all necessities from Melbourne during the winter of 1852, though the roads were axle-deep in mud, and the distance was 120 miles. In 1854 the seven miles intervening between our camp in the Crimea and Balaklava Harbour was like an impassable gulf, and consequently dire distress ensued. The moral of this is that in future campaigns the chief medical officers should be held strictly responsible for all shortcomings, but at the same time should be allowed considerable liberty of action.

**THROWING.**—Some one has been "no-balled" under Lord Harris's law, which (as far as we understand it) gives the batsman, not the bowler, the benefit of the doubt as to whether the latter is throwing. The some one was only a colt, and he may go about travestying Mr. Tennyson's Iphigenia, and saying, "My youth was blasted by a curse, An umpire was the cause." It is, unfortunately, impossible strictly to define where roundhand bowling merges into a throw. In the old days of underhand, jerking was unfair, and a man was thought to jerk when his arm touched his side as he delivered the ball. The suspected were chalked as to their jackets, and then the sleeves of their coats were examined. If the chalk had come off on the sleeve, they were found guilty of jerking. But there is no mechanical plan of

detecting a throw. We do not believe (as some critics do) that bowlers ever throw on purpose. In attempting to secure "pace" or "work" they degenerate into an unfair use of wrist and elbow, but almost always without knowing what they are doing. It has occurred to the writer, when getting wickets with much rapidity, to be mysteriously accosted by a member of his own side. "Don't mention it," whispered the friend, "but you are throwing every ball." Probably this is a common occurrence, even when the bowler's conscience is like a sea at rest.

**ENGLAND AND INDIA.**—The opening of the new premises of the Northbrook Club is one of many indications that England is about to enter upon a new era in her relations to India. Not long since few Englishmen knew or cared anything about the vast inheritance which their forefathers had secured for them in the East. It was assumed that "the natives" were mere barbarians, and that we discharged our duty towards them in a highly creditable manner by sending out officials to regulate the public business and troops to keep them in order. The nation is at last beginning to understand that this was by no means a perfectly accurate view of the situation. There is plenty of barbarism in India, no doubt; but the dominant race, being of the same blood as ourselves, must be as capable of high civilisation as Teutons and Celts. That they are so is proved by their literature, their art, and the history of their religions. Obviously, therefore, to such a people as this we owe something more than lofty patronage or contemptuous indifference; and it may be hoped that the first result of the new popular sentiment in the matter will be the devotion of much more serious attention to Indian interests than has hitherto been given to them in the House of Commons. If this expectation be realised, we may be tolerably sure that the aim of Parliament will be to make itself better acquainted with the tendencies of native opinion in India, and to associate the more intelligent classes of the population as far as possible with the work of local administration. It is not the people of India alone who will profit by this change of policy. Prejudice and conceit have often made Englishmen fancy that Orientals can teach them nothing; but there are observers and scholars who believe that the West has at least as much to learn from the East as the East has to learn from the West.

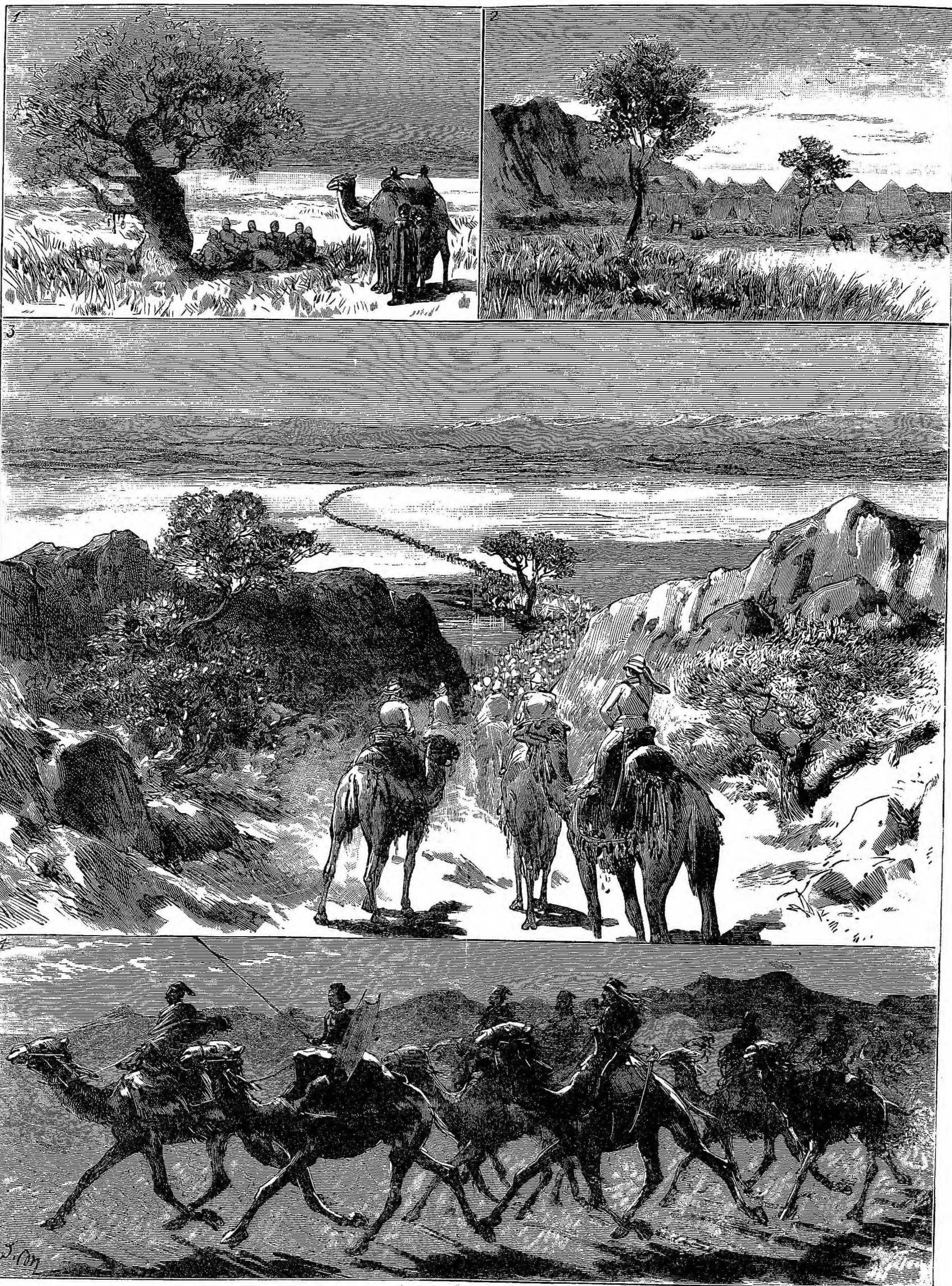
**THE DIVIDED SKIRT.**—In spite of all the complaints about the caprices and absurdities of fashion, there has been during the last thirty or forty years a gradual movement as regards women's dress towards common-sense principles. There was a time—it does not seem so very long ago—when there were no hats, only bonnets; when there were no natty jackets and overcoats, but only cumbersome cloaks; when Balmorals were unknown, and ladies alternated between sandal shoes (elegant, but ineffective against mud) and clumsy snow boots or clattering pattens. All these improvements, be it observed, are imitated from masculine attire. The reason is obvious. Here and there one may see a silly "masher" strangling his throat in a "Marwood" collar, but, as a rule, men insist that their dress shall fit easily and comfortably. At the same time, we willingly admit, with "A Woman" in Thursday's *Times*, that the male dress which is suitable for ordinary purposes needs some modification when hard exercise is to be undertaken. Still, the mass of men are so dressed that they feel no discomfort from their clothes, and consequently, when women seek to escape from the thraldom of milliners, they take to studying the toilettes of their fathers, their uncles, and their brothers. The divided skirt is the last and the boldest move in this direction. Not bold enough, however, to please some ladies. "Why this feeble compromise?" they say. "Let us have trousers, or else continue to worship the petticoat of our unemancipated days." Trying a thing is far better than talking about it, and the ladies of Mr. Proctor's family (the well-known scientific writer) find that now they have adopted the divided skirt they need no stays. This is an important and noteworthy fact. For ourselves, we are old-fashioned enough to hope that the flowing robe may never be given up. Time out of mind it has been woman's distinctive apparel. And if it is made reasonably short (like a peasant's dress on the stage), and reasonably loose, it is not necessarily an uncomfortable garment. What ladies, we suspect, are really revolting against are the painfully tight skirts of the last few years.

**CHURCH AND STATE IN PRUSSIA.**—Some weeks ago it seemed not improbable that the dispute between the Papacy and the Prussian Government was about to be settled. Now, however, it is known that an immediate reconciliation of these two Powers is impossible. In its last Note to the Vatican, the Prussian Government expressed its willingness to revise the May Laws, but insisted on the maintenance of the provision which requires the Church to submit to the secular authorities the names of priests appointed to vacant offices. The Vatican is understood to have promptly rejected this condition; and so for the present the negotiations have been interrupted. That they will be speedily resumed there can be no doubt; for the present confusion is in the highest degree inconvenient, both to Prince Bismarck and to the Pope. The Church has suffered severely by its conflict with the State, and in his secular policy the Chancellor has been constantly hampered by the necessity of conciliating the Catholic party, whose chief object, in the treatment



## A PRINCELY TOURNAMENT AT ROME



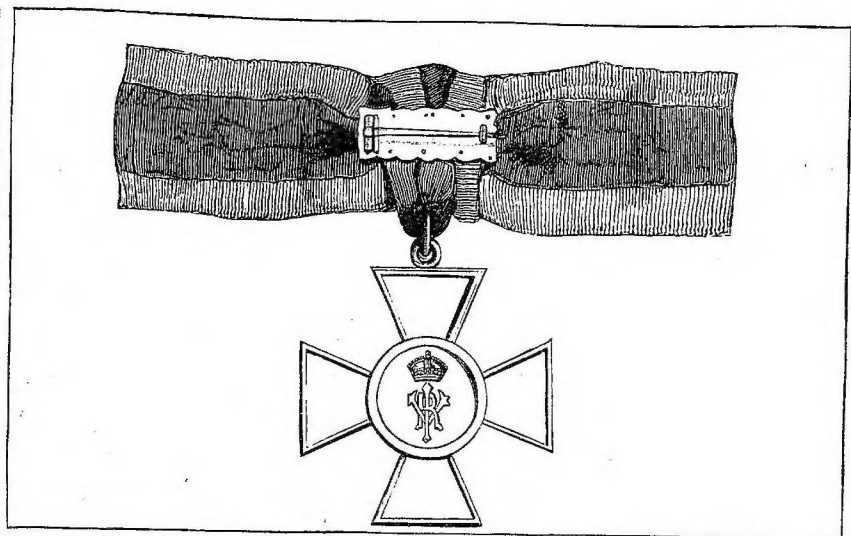
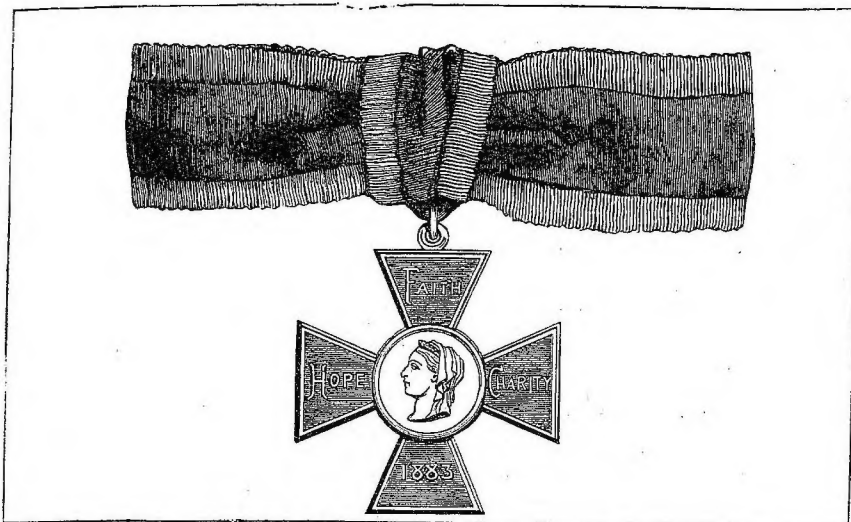


1. On the Road to Berber, Eighty Miles from Suakin : A Mid-day Halt.—2. Forty Miles from Suakin : Leading Out Camels at Early Dawn.—3. The March of Hicks Pasha through the Desert.—4. Hicks Pasha and His Staff Travelling by Moonlight, Escorted by a Native Sheik and his Body Guard.

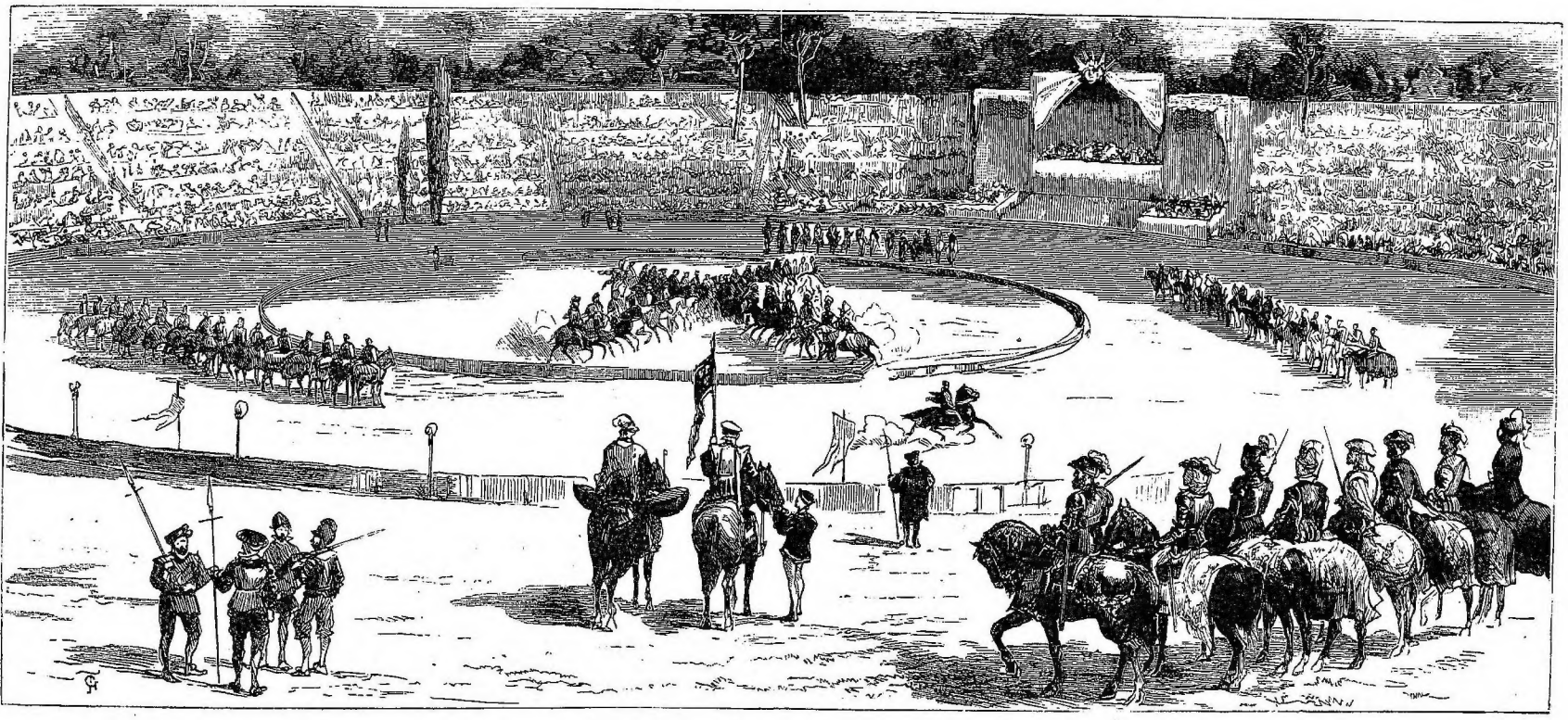
### THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE SOUDAN FIELD FORCE

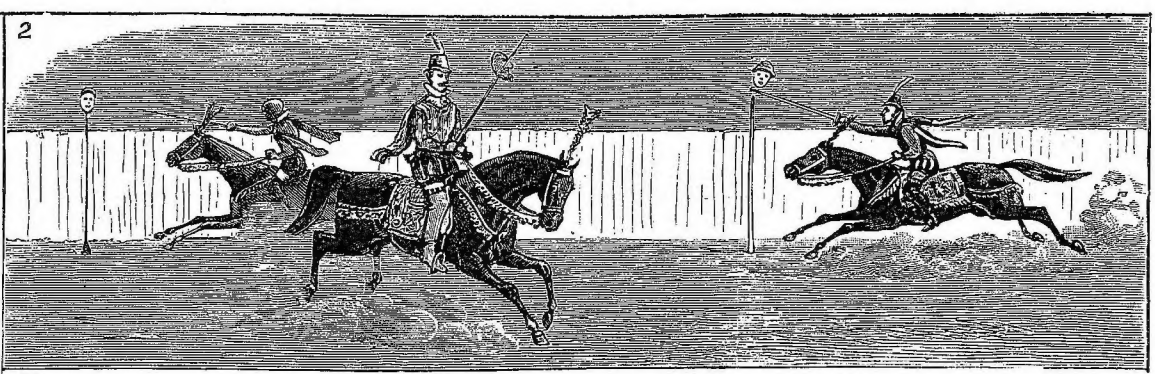




OBVERSE  
THE NEW ORDER FOR NURSES LATELY INSTITUTED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
REVERSE



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOURNAMENT



1. H.R.H. Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples, Crown Prince of Italy.—2. Splitting the Heads.—3. The Heralds.



way in which he managed his horse, as also by the magnificence of his costume. "This," writes Miss Harper, to whom we are indebted for the sketches, "was of dark blue velvet, covered with gold embroidery. His cap was blue, and edged with gold and pearls; the feathers at the side being clasped with a diamond. He also wore buff-coloured boots coming above the knees and long gauntlet gloves. At one part of the proceedings he dismounted, and presented a bouquet of flowers to his new aunt, the Princess Isabella. To call this equestrian exhibition a tournament is almost a misnomer. There was no tilting, and the chief feature was the formation of intricate equestrian figures and the riding of quadrilles. A favourite figure was that of a cross, the coat of arms of Savoy. The quadrilles were followed by the game of the Turk's head, in which cavaliers at full gallop endeavoured to carry away pasteboard heads set on poles. There were two bands of music, which alternately played the Italian and Bavarian Anthems." Other evolutions, such as the hunt of the rose and hurdle jumping, were also admirably performed.

#### FOREIGN MODES OF FISHING

See page 539.

#### A RACE MEETING AT FEVERABAD

FEVERABAD is, of course, a *nom de plume*, and may reasonably be applied to a number of stations in India between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin.

The first sketch represents "our chief," who is a staunch supporter of our race meetings. He runs horses of his own, but he never rides them himself, preferring the sort of animal he is on, a pink-skinned white squealing brute, with an easy amble.

In Nos. 2, 3, and 4 are represented various portraits of riders. Queer specimens occasionally turn up for the local races in up-country stations.

No. 5 shows a critical examination of one of the competing quadrupeds, an old screw, which they fondly hope will keep its legs for a half mile race.

There are often sports to wind up a race meeting, and bring it to a successful conclusion. Variety is sought for in the shape of *bizarre* contests. In No. 6 we see the bheesties (water-carriers) having a race for ten rupees on their own bullocks. Numerous "croppers" are the result.

As all the jockeys do not thoroughly understand the rules of riding there are sometimes squabbles. No. 7 represents one of these scenes. A young and inexperienced jockey charges a professional (?) with some unheard-of breach of racing regulations.

The winner of the Buggy Stakes (8) must drive his horse round the course in harness. As many of these animals have never before had their heads through a collar, there is often a difficulty in executing the drive.

The gaieties are wound up by a dinner-party, the conclusion whereof is shown in No. 9. Two of the party are too sleepy to talk, and the third is telling a long-winded story to unheeding ears.

#### EARL SPENCER HUNTING WITH THE MEATH HOUNDS

HUNTING in Ireland is by no means such a pleasant pastime as it was in the good old days, when, in spite of grievances, real or imaginary, landlords, tenants, and labourers were all at one as regards their enjoyment of the sport. Especially during the last three years, a very different spirit has manifested itself. Members of the Hunt have been assaulted and maltreated; while, in several instances, hounds have been poisoned. In some cases, so unpleasant were the feelings aroused, that masters of hounds removed their entire establishments (thus taking a good deal of money out of Ireland) either to England or to the South of France. Still, hunting goes on, and our sketch shows Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant, hunting just before Easter with the Meath Hounds. The meet took place at Roughcrew, and the greatest precautions were taken for the safety of his Excellency, as our engraving testifies.

#### CASTING THE BELL FOR THE NEW COURTS OF JUSTICE

THE large bell to sound the hours at the Royal Courts of Justice was cast on Wednesday, May 9th, at the foundry of Messrs. Gillett and Co., at Croydon. It is one of five—the duty of its four companions being to strike the quarters. The same firm is constructing the clock, the dials of which are to be placed in the not very highly picturesque framework which juts out from the building at a height of a hundred feet. The *Times* gives an interesting description of the buried bell-mould into which the molten metal was poured. On a cast-iron plate the core of the mould was built up of stock bricks, and this was thickly plastered over with finely-ground loam from the Charlton Chalk Company's works, the loam being mixed with cowhair to give it consistency. A fine surface was given by painting the truly turned core with a paste of charcoal and plumbago. Fitting over this, but touching it only at the bottom, so that an interspace of the thickness required was left to be filled by the fluid metal, was a cast-iron case lined with loam bricks, faced with fine prepared loam, and finished like the core with charcoal and plumbago. The bell is 5 ft. 10 in. in diameter across the lips, 5 ft. high to the top of the crown, and 5 3/4 in. thick at the sound bow. The note is expected to be that of the tenor C. Four and a-half tons of an alloy of one-third of tin to two-thirds of copper (value about 500*l.*) were poured into the melting-pot, and after allowing for waste the bell should scale about 3 tons 12 cwt. The contract price for the clock and five bells is 2,000*l.*, and the weight of the five bells together is 9 tons.

#### "FACTS AND FANCIES," I.

IN the first of these sketches of Mr. Caldecott's the young man is having a bad time, for he is being attacked by an army of Amazons, on whom it would be ungallant to make reprisals. On a favourable day, that is when the snow is just thawing a little, a girl can make just as good a snowball as a boy, a solid sphere as hard as a cricket ball, and can throw it, too, so as to tap the victim's claret, should he receive the missile on his proboscis.—In the second sketch we see the typical Englishman, never happy unless he is trying to kill something. About the proceeding of the shooter there is nothing sportsmanlike; the poor little bird is probably half paralysed by the cold. Let us hope that, at the last moment, some rustling twig will give the alarm, and that he will just hop away in time to escape the murderous shower of lead.

#### RECEIVING A CHILD AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

See page 538.

#### "THE CZAR COMES"

IN an amusing letter to a contemporary Mr. George Augustus Sala enlarges upon the reckless rapidity of ordinary Russian driving, but even his description fails to give an idea of the headlong speed with which the Czar is carried through the streets, and of which we give an illustration from a sketch taken by our artist when the Czar visited Moscow last September. "This," writes the artist, "represents a scene on the Tverskaia when the Emperor is coming. His Majesty has been to see the Exhibition, and is now returning from a drive in the Petrovsky Park. For hours the streets through which he has to pass have been cleared from all traffic. Mounted gendarmes are keeping the crowd back, and on every roof and on the summit of every church firemen are posted, keeping careful eyes on the

crowd. After an hour or so a distant cheering is heard, and 'The Czar comes.' As in the days of General Trepoff, so the present Chief of Police drives before the Czar in his little *egoistka*—as this kind of carriage is called—leaning against the coachman and looking out in every direction. Stones and dust are flying behind him as he drives at the speed of a Roman racing charioteer. Nowhere else would it be possible to drive like this, as such speed requires a perfectly clear road. The near horse with his head tied down is galloping beside his trotting companion, presenting a most fantastic appearance. Following close behind is the Emperor's carriage, drawn by white horses. Beside the coachman sits the Czar's life-guard—a Cossack in scarlet uniform, and wearing a dagger in his girdle."

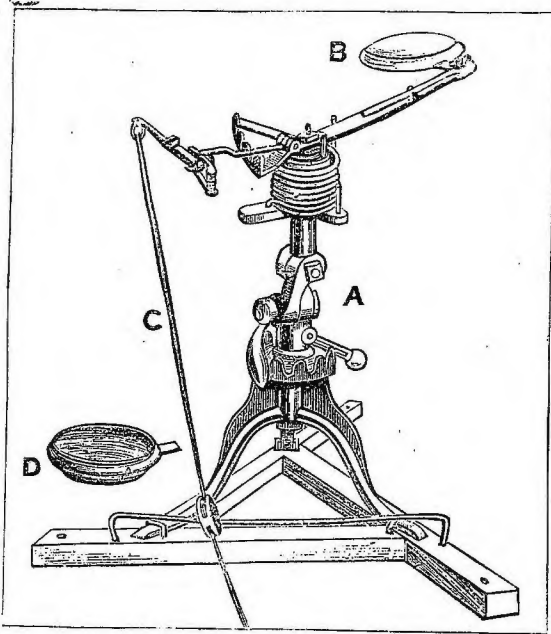
#### CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING

IN his speech in the House of Commons on the Cruelty to Animals Bill, Mr. George Anderson said:—"Shooting at tame pigeons is not only cruel, but unnecessary. There is an invention called the Clay Pigeon, which is not a pigeon at all, but a saucer made of terra cotta, which is projected from a catapult, and gyrates in a most remarkable manner, testing the skill of the marksman even better than the tame pigeon itself, while the cost is twenty times less. Several eminent sportsmen have declared in its favour."

The invention is thus described in the prospectus of the Anglo-American Clay Pigeon Company (Limited), 1, Bennett Street, St. James's:—

"A general training is requisite to make a first-class shot. But wild birds are being rapidly exterminated, tame pigeon shooting is gradually being made illegal in the various countries of Europe, while glass-ball practice is ruinous to good shooting in the field.

"In order to overcome these difficulties, Mr. George Ligowsky set to work to produce a flying object which, without being costly, would imitate the flight of a bird. The result of his labours is shown in the



Patent Flying Clay Pigeon, which is made of light, very brittle pottery clay, five inches wide by two inches deep, and which is thrown from a patent trap in such a manner as to imitate exactly the flight of a pigeon or quail. When not hit, it does not break, and can be used again. All former substitutes for the live bird, such as the gyro-pigeon, mechanical pigeon, and glass ball, have failed, because they do not exhibit the swift horizontal flight of game birds.

"The flight of these 'birds' can be graduated at will, from a slow, easy motion, to the quick dart of a snipe, or the arrow-like rush of a partridge. The clay birds have all the characteristics of a bird breaking cover, and sailing away to settle down gradually. They have a flight of from forty to seventy-five yards in a horizontal line, at any angle, or in any direction. The surface presented, when on the wing, is about equal to the body of a pigeon. Umpires find no difficulty in scoring a hit, as the spinning motion throws the fragments in all directions, and these fragments, unlike the splinters of glass balls, are perfectly harmless."

#### "PIG-STICKING" IN INDIA

ABOUT the middle of April annually two great "pig-sticking" meetings are held in India—one at Cawnpore, the other at Meerut; and sportsmen come from all parts of India, and enter horses for the cup which is given at each place.

The competitors are divided by lot into parties of four, and to each party an umpire is attached.

The parties are posted near the jungle, which is then beaten out, and as soon as a boar breaks from cover a party is started after him. The man who succeeds in getting "first spear"—i.e., in wounding the boar first—wins his heat. The winners of the first heats are again divided into parties, and they run off their ties in the same way, and the winner of the final tie takes the cup.

There is a great amount of luck about pig-sticking, and it is not always the best man or the best horse that wins, as the nature of the ground varies considerably, and may suit one horse and not another; and, moreover, the pig will often "jink," or double like a hare, thereby completely throwing out the leading horses, and frequently giving a chance of the "first spear" to the man who was lying third or fourth in the race. When the "first spear" has been got the party often leave their pig to the tender mercies of the troopers of the detachment of a native cavalry regiment, who are usually employed to keep the line of beaters in order, and they do not take long in "polishing him off."

NOTE.—We accidentally omitted to mention last week that our engravings of "Sun Fish Shooting" were from sketches by Mr. Edward Weldon, Green Leaf Lane, Walthamstow.

CONTINENTAL PASSENGER TRAFFIC.—While the *pros* and *cons* of the advisability of a Channel Tunnel are being acrimoniously discussed, the various steamship companies are vastly improving their accommodation. Thus the London and Brighton Railway Company's new vessel, *Normandy*, made the passage between Dieppe and Newhaven, on Tuesday, in 3 hours and 47 minutes. A new steamer, *Ipswich*, has also recently been launched, she is a sister ship to the *Norwich*, and both boats are intended for the Great Eastern Railway Company's service between Harwich and Antwerp. They are about 1,000 tons register, 260 feet in length, 31 feet beam, and are fitted with twin screws to secure a speed of 14 1/2 knots an hour, and to prevent the rolling found with single screws. The saloon accommodation is forward of the engine-room, as in the latest Atlantic liners, to avoid the heat and smell from the boilers. The first-class accommodation is lighted throughout by Swan's incandescent lamps. Both vessels will be placed on the Antwerp route this summer.



THE CHIEF AMONG THE POLITICAL EVENTS of the week have been the announcement that Lord Lansdowne will succeed the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General of Canada in October; the appointment of Major E. Baring to succeed Sir E. Malet as British Consul-General at Cairo, in other words, as the representative of England in Egypt; and the issue of the Report of Lord Morley's Committee of Inquiry into the Army Medical Department. The effect of this publication has been most damaging, and has gone far to show that, with the exception of the ambulance department (the work in which was done well and promptly), all other branches of the Medical and Commissariat Services are governed in the same spirit of unintelligent red-tapeism which proved so disastrous in the Crimean War. At Ismailia (where there was some excuse for shortcomings), and at Cairo (where there was none), the sick and wounded were allowed to lie for days on blankets spread upon the floor, though excellent beds could have been bought for three francs in the bazaars; to be devoured by flies, though every street boy had his fly-whisk; and to be fed on bread made of bad flour sent out from England, though fine loaves could have been procured at the bakers' in any quantity. "Application," it was said in answer to remonstrances, had been made for these things "to the Commissary of Ordnance." Delicacies intended for the sick were devoured by the hospital orderlies; and charges of neglect of duty are brought in at least one instance against the doctors themselves. It is right to add that a distinguished medical member of the Committee, Sir W. MacCormac, has published some remarks dissenting from the censures passed upon the medical service, and contending that the faults complained of were such as are inevitable at the opening of a campaign.

IN SPEECHES OUT OF PARLIAMENT the recess has been unusually tame. It is hard to be enthusiastic over a Tenants' Compensation Bill, framed on such strictly Conservative lines that bitter Tories like Mr. James Lowther declare their readiness to give it fair consideration, or to take much joy even in the witty sallies of so good and infrequent a speaker as Mr. Plunket before the assembled Conservatives of Chelsea, or in Mr. John Morley's grave warnings to the Liberals of Liverpool against a probable alliance of Irish Nationalists and English Tories. Mr. Bradlaugh alone has excited some little interest by the combative programme announced last Sunday at the Hall of Science, and followed since by a cleverly-written indictment of the majority in the Commons before the nation. He now intends to appeal by speeches and letters to Liberals everywhere for the next two months, and on August 6th to organise a monster demonstration, when he will once more proceed to the House with the intention of administering to himself the Oath.

THE PREMIER found Hawarden so enjoyable, despite gaping shoals of admiring excursionists, that he prolonged his stay there until Wednesday morning, leaving only in time for an audience of Her Majesty at Windsor before resuming his accustomed place in Parliament on Thursday. In a letter of reply to the Chairman of the great meeting of the Liverpool Liberals last Friday, Mr. Gladstone speaks hopefully of the system of Grand Committees, and presumes "as regards the words about obstruction, attributed to Sir S. Northcote, that if he spoke them he must have taken into account the responsibility incurred by using them."

THE FORCE under Sir A. Alison in Egypt is now reduced, by the departure of the 1st Battalions of the South Staffordshire and Berkshire Regiments, to one regiment of cavalry, five battalions of artillery, and six and a half battalions of infantry, besides two companies of engineers, two of the transport, and one of the Ordnance Store Corps.

AFTER REPEATED REMANDS the Liverpool Fenians were finally committed this week for trial on the four several counts of treason-felony, conspiracy to destroy public buildings, possession of illegal explosives, and conspiracy to murder certain subjects of Her Majesty. The magistrate refused to accept bail.

SIX MEN from the regiments now on duty in the metropolis have been told off since Sunday for sentry work at the National Gallery. As a rule, however, the fears entertained at first for the safety of our public buildings have now very generally subsided.

IN IRELAND, the special work of the Commission, which has been exclusively concerned, since April 9, with the trial of the Kilmainham "Invincibles," came to an end on Thursday week, when the sentences still standing over were pronounced, and the jurors discharged with well-merited commendation from Mr. Justice O'Brien. Sylvester Kingston, and his associates of "The Vigilance Society," will be tried before the next Commission, in the summer. Of "the Invincibles" arrested from first to last, one alone, Peter Doyle, whose case has been postponed on the ground of illness, remains untried. Six—Brady, Curley, Pat Delaney, T. Caffrey, M. Fagan, and T. Kelly—have either been convicted of murder, or have pleaded guilty and been sentenced to death; three—L. Hanlon, Joseph Mullett, and Fitzharris—have been sentenced to penal servitude for life: the first two for the attack on Mr. Field, the last as accessory after the fact in the murder of Mr. Burke; five—James Mullett, E. M'Caffrey, E. O'Brien, W. Morony, and D. Delaney—to penal servitude for ten years; one, Thomas Doyle, to five years; and one, T. Martin, has been released on bail. Rowles died in prison, and Dwyer was discharged before the trials began. Five—the two Careys, Kavanagh, Joe Smith, and Jos. Hanlon—were accepted as approvers.—Matthias Brady, who had pleaded guilty to the charge of sending a threatening letter to the juror, Mr. King, was bound over in his own recognisances to appear when called on; and the Court then proceeded to take the ordinary business, adjourning finally on Tuesday to the 7th of June.—The execution of the second of the condemned men, Curley, took place on Friday week within the gaol, his father and friends praying outside until the black flag showed that all was over. Curley left a letter to his wife, expressing forgiveness of all his enemies, and entreating her "to keep vigilant watch over their dear children."—The sentence on Pat Delaney has been commuted to penal servitude for life, and there is a very general feeling that the same grace might well be accorded to Caffrey.—A curious rumour went abroad on Friday night that James Carey had returned to his house in Denzil Street, and some still affirm that many saw him there. It is certain, however, that he has not yet been discharged, and may soon be wanted to give evidence in other trials.—A clue, it is said, has been obtained to the murderers of Mrs. Smythe, shot last year in County Westmeath when driving home from church, and seven men have been arrested on suspicion. The actual assassin is thought to have been Fagan, now under sentence of death in Kilmainham. Other arrests have been made near Ballina, where several land agents were fired at six months ago.—Near Westport the body of a man long missing, the steward of a Mr. Brown, of Castlebar, has been found by some fishermen in a lake, with a chain of iron fastened round his neck.

THE PAPAL CIRCULAR is still the theme of passionate discussion among the Nationalists. Messrs. Davitt and Healy have written from their prison to the Lord Mayor, the latter declaring that Ireland will "never recognise the induction of Mr. Errington into the chair of St. Peter," the former requesting his name to be added to the Mansion House Committee, and sending a donation of 10*l.* to the Parnell Fund.—At a meeting at the Mansion House on Saturday,



at which Mr. T. S. Gray took the chair, it was resolved to disregard the circular as "founded on misrepresentation," and to persevere in the work; and a similar determination was expressed at a London meeting of the Committee of the Irish National League of Great Britain. At the Rotunda, Dublin, where Mr. Sexton and Mr. W. O'Brien were the chief speakers, 80% more subscriptions were announced, including 15 from the carman "Skin-the-Goat"—we must not, we suppose, say of the assembly, "*noscutur à sociis*;" and on Saturday there will be a special meeting of the Corporation, for which the Lord Mayor, now absent in Limerick, has been urgently requested to return to Dublin. The Parnell Fund now amounts to nearly 10,000. The total, it is universally agreed, must not be less than 50,000. Collections are still made in certain chapels, probably because the circular has not yet been officially communicated to the clergy by all the Bishops.—Dr. Croke has been enthusiastically received at Kingstown, and will be welcomed still more warmly, if possible, at Thurles. He declares that everything at Rome "passed off most satisfactorily."—The Local Government Board have issued notices that the 100,000, voted by Parliament to carry out the emigrating clauses of the Land Act has been expended, and that no further applications can be received.

THE ACQUISITION OF COULSDON COMMONS, near Caterham, lately purchased by the Corporation of London under the Open Spaces Act for "the recreation and enjoyment of the public for ever," was celebrated on Saturday last by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the Chief Commissioner of Works, and a select party of some 100 gentlemen and ladies, with a little ceremony, at which memorial trees were planted, and the new purchase formally declared open to the public by the Chief Commissioner. The commons, four in number, comprise 346 acres of breezy downs.

THE NORTHBROOK CLUB, as we announced last week, was installed in its new home, 3, Whitehall Gardens, by the Prince of Wales on Monday last, in the presence of a distinguished gathering of English and Indian gentlemen. The management will be vested in a Committee of twelve, presided over by Lord Northbrook, of whom six will be nominated by the Northbrook Indian Society, and six, of whom three must be natives of India, by the members.

AT A MEETING OF THE NORTH WALES UNIVERSITY COMMITTEE on Saturday, at Chester, the Earl of Powis in the chair, a proposal to refer the decision as to the site to the same three arbitrators as in the parallel case of South Wales was ultimately carried by a large majority. The competing towns are now nine, Llandudno having sent in a claim at the last moment.

THE GOVERNMENT AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS BILL has been this week somewhat sharply criticised, clause by clause, at a special meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of the Farmers' Alliance. The greatest grievance is the absence of any provision to secure the sitting tenant who "improves" against a rise of rent without compensation for his improvements.

THE CAST OF THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF WILLIAM TYNDALE, soon to be erected in the gardens on the Embankment west of Charing Cross, was placed last Tuesday on a temporary pedestal for inspection by the Committee. The Reformer is represented in a standing position, with a scroll in his right hand. 1,200, has still to be collected. Towns and institutions which subscribe will have their names recorded on the pedestal.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE INVITED BY MR. KINGLAKE to the memorial bust of Henry Fielding, about to be placed in the Shire Hall of Taunton. The bust will be unveiled by the American Minister, and the ceremony will take place immediately after the prorogation of Parliament.

WILLIAM, THE ELDER OF THE BROTHERS CHAMBERS, died in Edinburgh on Sunday last in his eighty-fourth year. He was born at Peebles April 16th, 1800, and commenced business on his own account as the proprietor of a little book-stall in Leith Walk in 1819. The *Journal*, which raised him to fame and fortune, was the first attempt in either kingdom at a cheap magazine of a high order, anticipating the similar ventures of Charles Knight by some eight weeks, and continuing undiminished in popularity when the *Penny* and the *Saturday* had long succumbed. In 1881 Mr. Chambers declined the honour of a Knighthood, but this year accepted from the same Minister a baronetcy which he did not live to see gazetted.—Among other names in the death-roll of the week are those of Doctor Druitt (*et. 68*), well-known to the profession for his "*Vade Mecum*," and to the general reader for his book on wines; and of Stephen Lewis, a naval pensioner and Trafalgar veteran, whose phenomenal age—105 years and 11 months—is said to be well attested.



To the outside public who do not follow the minute details of Committee of Supply, or understand the importance of progress that is not made with leaps and bounds, it would seem a very reasonable complaint that members of the House of Commons should have been brought home from their Whitsun holiday on Monday last. With the House counted out at half-past seven on Tuesday, and not meeting at all on Wednesday, it would seem that the rare holiday might well and graciously have been extended. The fact is eleven votes in Committee on the Civil Service Estimates were got on Monday night, and that, in the eyes of Ministers, is more than sufficient recompense for having returned to work, or having caused others to return to work, at least three days earlier than appears necessary. The votes that came under discussion were singularly free from controversial element. They were, for the most part, the ordinary and habitual votes of the year for continuing necessary works long ago decided upon. A business body of a dozen gentlemen would have disposed of them in an hour. The House spent upwards of seven hours in the work, and when it was done Ministers were radiant with the consciousness of unwonted success. This is the day of small things in the matter of getting forward with business in the House of Commons, and the smallest donations of progress are thankfully received.

When the House re-assembled on Monday the surrounding circumstances were eminently depressing. No one who had anything better to do had come down, and at few periods of the evening were there more than fifty members scattered over benches designed to accommodate 500. Mr. Gladstone himself was not present, a circumstance which appears to have suggested to Lord R. Churchill the possibility of prolonging his holiday without incurring any risk to the Constitution. Sir Stafford Northcote was in his place, supported by half-a-dozen of his colleagues in the late Ministry. It seemed at first that Lord Hartington also was taking French leave, but his lordship was only a little late, lounging in during the dinner hour, and paying fitful attendance till the sitting was over. In the same leisurely fashion Mr. Parnell performed the duties of a leader. The Irish members had a little over their usual proportion of the questions on the paper. There were twenty-one, and the Irish

members appropriated twenty. In respect of Imperial interest these were of less than ordinary importance, and the House very early got to the work of the evening.

The subjects dealt with were of the usual miscellaneous interest, ranging from the Parcels Post to the new buildings at South Kensington. With respect to the former, Mr. Fawcett confirmed statements already made as to arrangements for its commencement. He further added, what the Committee heard with satisfaction, that even in the first year of its working the new service would, according to estimates, cover its expenses. The Law Courts and their alleged defects also came under review; and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was able to announce that Her Majesty's judges were, upon further acquaintance, mollified. Some time ago it was understood that these distinguished personages were on the point of striking, refusing any longer to administer justice in a building where they could neither hear nor be heard, and where they were subject to inconvenience from draughts, and occasional eccentricity on the part of the lighting arrangements. Now, according to the First Commissioner of Works, the judges have taken kindly to the place, though he admitted that the members of the Bar are still critical.

Another subject which led to an interesting conversation, and to the appearance of Mr. Biggar as an authority on Art, was the payment on account of a fresco for the new buildings at South Kensington, the commission for which has been undertaken by Sir Frederick Leighton. This is to cost a sum of 3,000, and the Committee were asked to vote 1,000, on account. Hereupon there was much badgering of the unhappy First Commissioner. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck delivered a learned address on the general subject of frescoes, which, owing to its somewhat disjointed form, was a little difficult to follow. Mr. Labouchere declared that South Kensington had no business with new buildings, whence it was infallibly deduced that the frescoes were an unnecessary addition to the Art treasures of the nation. Lord Folkestone wanted to know whether the painting really was a fresco; and, the badgered First Commissioner having incautiously admitted doubt on this subject, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, waving his hat across the table, insisted upon having the point settled.

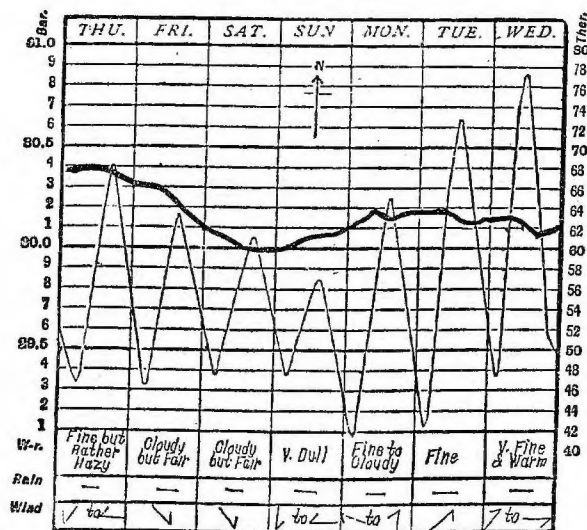
But it was Mr. Biggar who carried away the palm in respect of the interest attached to his speech. With his thumb in the armpit of his waistcoat, and that judicial air which sits so well upon him, he spoke dispassionately of frescoes ("freskers" he called them) in general and of this one in particular. The subject, "The Arts of Peace," was not, he said with fine sarcasm, suitable for the present Government. Moreover, understanding that there was something experimental in the treating of the work, Mr. Biggar laid down the principle that artists should experiment at their own cost, and when the point at issue was settled then the Committee would consider as to payment. These remarks delivered with manner indescribable and inimitable—except perhaps by an Australian blackfellow called to judgment on a piece of statuary newly dug up in the garden of a Roman villa—were heard with great delight by the Committee, and did something to lighten the dullness of the sitting.

On Tuesday Sir Herbert Maxwell moved the adjournment of the House for the Derby Day. The young Scotch baronet was new to the business, which, owing to the ability of members who have previously undertaken it, been lifted into somewhat undue prominence. He was overweighted with a sense of the importance of his task, with the consequence that he rather made a mess of it. The House did not hear all he said, lost the point of his jokes, became impatient, and then it was all over. Sir H. Maxwell floundered deeper and deeper, and gratefully sat down amid cries for the division. Sir W. Lawson, who opposed the motion, was comparatively short and not positively sparkling. A strong whip issued by the advocates of the holiday had brought down a full muster of Members, who had looked forward to the reward of some amusement. But the whole thing was a failure, and when poor Sir Edward Colebrooke and Mr. James Howard attempted to prolong the discussion, they were grievously entreated. The motion was carried by 185 votes against 85, a decisive majority which appears to assure the continuance of the observance for years to come.

A glance down the agenda indicated that the sitting was predestined to close by a count out. This seemed due as soon as Mr. Alderman Fowler rose to call attention to the circumstances of the time under which the Indian Budget is brought in. But the danger somehow passed over, and much to its surprise the House found itself running through the Orders, and had actually reached the last item of business, the English Sunday Closing Bill, when it was counted out. On Thursday the Civil Service Estimates were again taken in hand.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM MAY 18 TO MAY 23 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been fine and warm generally, with a larger percentage of bright sunshine than of late, and no rainfall. High pressure areas have prevailed throughout the time, with light variable winds. Thursday (17th inst.) found pressure fairly steady, and a fine day ensued, with light north-easterly and easterly winds. On Friday and Saturday (18th and 19th inst.) the barometer fell somewhat steadily, and cloudy, though fair, weather was experienced, with light north-westerly winds. A slow recovery in the mercury took place on Sunday (20th inst.), and was accompanied by dull weather and light northerly to easterly winds. Pressure varied but little during Monday (21st inst.), and the weather was generally fine. The last two days of the time (Tuesday and Wednesday, 22nd and 23rd inst.) were both of a fine seasonable character, pressure remaining steady, and temperature ruling higher than of late. Temperature fell rather regularly the first part of the week, but rose rapidly during the latter part, and on the whole has been rather above the average. The barometer was highest (30.4 inches) on Thursday (17th inst.); lowest (29.9 inches) on Saturday (19th inst.); range, 0.4 inches. Temperature was highest (77°) on Wednesday (23rd inst.); lowest (42°) on Monday (21st inst.); range, 35°. No rain has fallen.



A BAZAAR IN AID OF THE "HOMES FOR THE AGED POOR" will be held on Friday and Saturday, June 1st and 2nd, in the Town Hall, Kensington. The Duchess of Teck is amongst the patronesses.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION have now definitely decided to visit Canada next year, and will meet at Montreal on August 27th, 1884. In order to entertain their guests suitably, the Canadian Government have promised 5,000, towards the expenses.

A STEEL BRIDGE OVER THE STRAITS OF MESSINA is projected, according to *Engineering*. The plan proposes that the bridge shall be built in five spans, three of which would measure over half a mile apiece. The great difficulty lies in making the foundations, as the minimum depth of the Straits reaches 196 ft.

THE TONKIN EXPEDITION has caused an amusing scare in some primitive agricultural districts in France, so the *Paris Figaro* tells us. One particular breed of small pigs goes by the name of "Tonkins," the originals having been probably imported from that district, and peasants who drive a thriving trade in these little porkers at local markets have been thrown into the greatest alarm by seeing the heading of "Crisis in Tonkin" in newspaper contents bills, &c.

TRANSATLANTIC JOURNALISTS are proverbially plain-spoken, and the following valedictory address from an Arkansas editor is especially frank. The editor states that he "procured the position merely to secure office, and now that I have been elected constable of this precinct I step aside to give some other aspiring man a chance. I have made many friends and killed two men during my editorial career, for which I am thankful, and deeply indebted to this community."

THE HERO OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," the Rev. Josiah Henson, has died at the advanced age of ninety-three. He has been in bad health for some time past, suffering from paralysis, which it is believed was brought on by the cruel beatings he received as a slave, but he remained sensible and cheerful to the last. Mr. Henson's early career as a slave was exactly depicted in Mrs. Stowe's story, and it may be remembered that he visited England some years ago, and was received by the Queen.

THE BENEVOLENT OR STRANGERS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—A concert in aid of the above charity will be given this (Saturday) morning at the Guildhall by the Guildhall School of Music. This Society will shortly keep its centenary, having been established in 1785 for the purpose of visiting and relieving the sick and distressed poor at their own homes, without any distinction of sect or country. The visitors who carry on the work give their aid gratuitously, and much valuable help is rendered to many deserving cases which would otherwise escape notice.

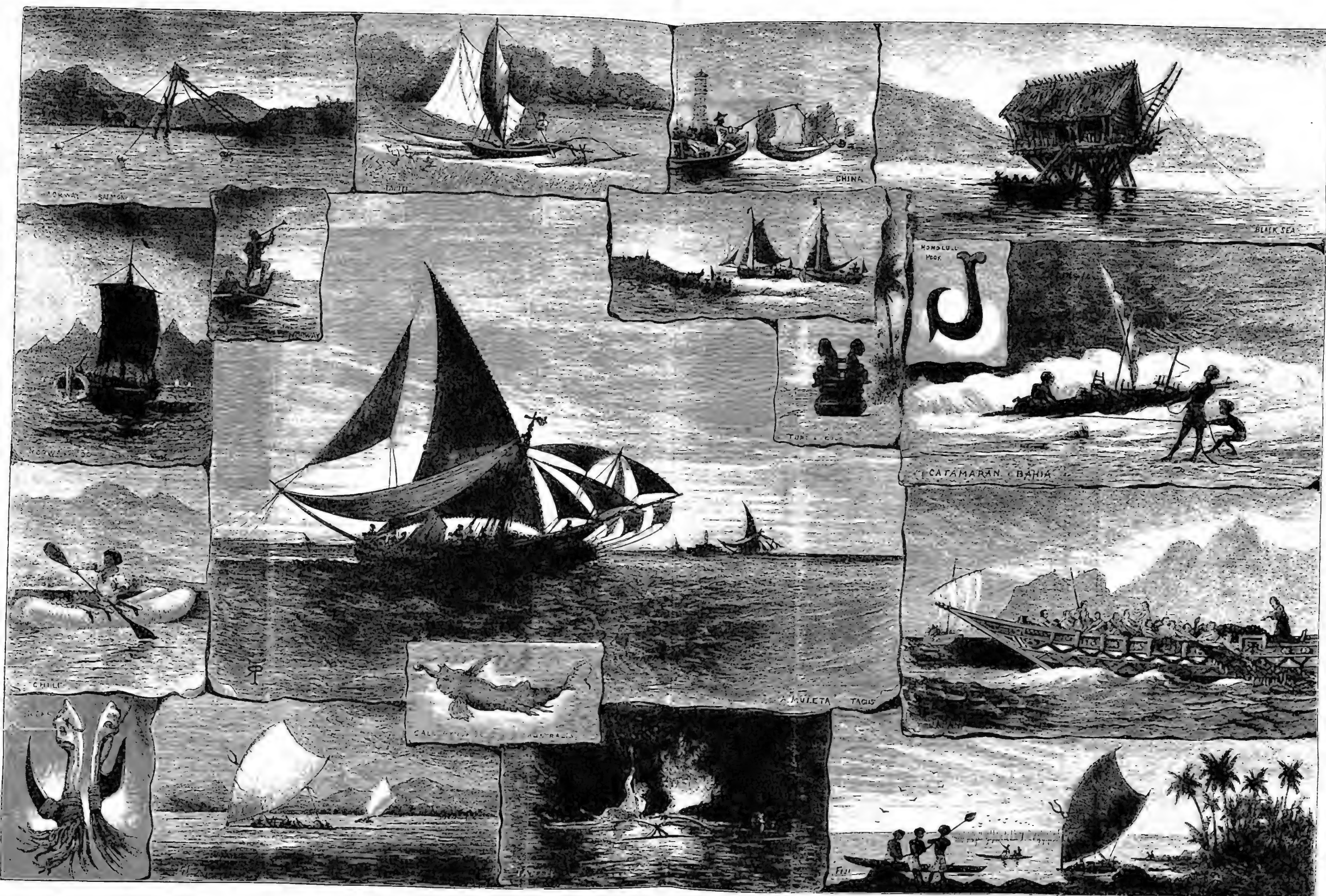
THE RELICS OF ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE EXPLORING EXPEDITION—that of La Pérouse at the end of last century—have just come to light. A French Missionary to the Samoa or Navigators' Islands in the Pacific informs the French Geographical Society that the remains of De Langle and several other of La Pérouse's companions have been found, together with dates, proving that they perished in December, 1787. French search expeditions in the early part of this century had already proved the destruction of the two vessels bearing the expedition on the coast of Mallicollo, one of the New Hebrides, but nothing further was discovered respecting the explorers themselves.

AN OLD HAT OF HERR WAGNER'S has lately been made the subject of a lengthy legal document. Not long before his death the great musician bought a new hat in Venice, and put it on at once, leaving his shabby old head-gear behind on the counter. With a keen eye to business the hatter kept the old hat, which was of white felt and the usual broad-brimmed shape often seen in Wagner's portraits, and he has now sold it for a handsome price to a devoted Wagnerian. The purchaser was determined that there should be no doubt of the relic's authenticity, and obliged the hatter to give a full account of Herr Wagner's visit and purchase before a lawyer, the deposition being duly signed, attested by witnesses, and carefully handed over to the lawyer's keeping.

LONDON MORTALITY has increased and decreased during the two last weeks, and 1,653 and 1,530 deaths have been respectively registered, against 1,504 during the previous seven days, being 87 and 9 above the average, and at the rate of 21.8 and 20.2 per 1,000. There were 3 and 1 deaths from small-pox, 60 and 66 from measles, 29 and 29 from scarlet fever, 13 and 17 from diphtheria, 43 and 22 from whooping-cough, 1 and 1 from typhus, 9 and 9 from enteric fever, 2 and 3 from ill-defined forms of fever, 11 and 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and none from simple cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 402 and 302 (being 80 and 3 above the average), of which 230 and 166 resulted from bronchitis, and 114 and 88 from pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 61 and 59 deaths, 50 and 53 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,637 and 2,407 births registered, being 34 and 122 below the average. The mean temperature of the air last week was 57.5 deg., and 4.3 deg. above the average.

ONE OF RAPHAEL'S MOST PRECIOUS PICTURES, the Madonna della Staffa, has narrowly escaped destruction by the heated air of the gallery in which it hangs. After belonging to the Staffa family for 3½ centuries, the picture was bought by the late Czar for 12,400, and given to the Empress, who bequeathed it to the Art Museum at the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. Lately it was found that the heat had split the pine panel on which the picture was painted, and the work has now been successfully restored in most ingenious style. The face of the painting was first supported with linen, backed by a slab of marble, and a Russian artist then gradually rubbed away the panel, first with files and then with powdered glass, finally managing to mount the thin film left on canvas. He also discovered that the Madonna originally held a pomegranate instead of the book at present seen. Talking of Raphaels, the Paris Louvre has bought the "Apollo and Marsyas," belonging to Mr. Morris Moore, of Rome, the work of which the authenticity has been so warmly disputed. The pedigree of the picture could not be traced further than 1787, and Mr. Moore bought it in 1850 for seventy guineas, but the work is now widely believed to be a genuine Raphael, and has cost the French Government 8,000. Raphael's initials are to be seen on the quiver at Apollo's feet. The work shows the satyr Marsyas sitting on a flower-grown mound, and playing on a reed to Apollo, who stands listening attentively, and leaning on a long staff. Mountains and valleys fill the background, with a few scattered buildings and a bridge over a stream. Two other French Staffa purchases are M. de Nittis's canvases, the "Ruins of the Tuileries" and "Joan of Arc's Statue in the Place des Pyramides," which are to be hung in the Luxembourg. The Parisian Art world this week has been inspecting the collection belonging to the late M. Emile de Girardin, which contains some fine Old Masters and good modern paintings, especially examples of Courbet. The sale was to take place on Saturday, and it is to be hoped will be more successful than the auction of modern paintings specially given on behalf of the widow of the late caricaturist Bertall. There the prices were positively absurd, several works by well-known painters going for less than a guinea, while two paintings by Carolus Duran and Mlle. Abbéma could not find a purchaser at all!





# FOREIGN MODES OF FISHING





THE coronation festivities in RUSSIA officially began on Tuesday with the State entry of the Czar and Czarina into Moscow. For many days previously there had been constant arrivals of Princes and diplomatic guests, and on Monday the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived, being received by the Grand Duke Vladimir and the British Ambassador, and being heartily cheered by the crowds in the streets as they drove to their quarters in the Kremlin. The city had completely donned its festive garb—the Tverskaia, which leads from the Petrofsky Palace to the Kremlin, and which was to form the line of route of procession on the following day, being one mass of bunting. Flags waved from every window, painted portraits of the Czar and Czarina and of the Czar's of history abounded, together with heraldic devices representing the arms of the Asiatic provinces. The streets also were thronged with a motley crowd of visitors from all parts of Europe and Central Asia, while smart troikas bearing many of the most distinguished personages in courtly and diplomatic circles dashed hither and thither, driven with a skill and at a speed only possible in Russia. Outside the city were busy preparations for the popular fêtes, four huge wooden theatres and a circus having been erected on the common facing the Petrofsky Palace, together with numerous minor shows and innumerable booths, where "cakes and ale" are literally to be distributed, jug and all, for the asking. Close by also was an extensive camp of guards and grenadiers, whose white tents stretched beyond for fully a couple of miles.

The Czar and Czarina arrived from St. Petersburg on Sunday evening, going to the Petrofsky Palace, as they were not presumably supposed to be in the town until the State entry on Tuesday. An enormous crowd, however, assembled to welcome them at the railway station, while great enthusiasm was manifested during their drive to the palace. Monday was a comparatively quiet day, but from the very earliest hour on Tuesday the whole city was astir with eager Muscovites hurrying to take their places. The Tverskaia for a length of four miles was densely packed, the crowd being kept back from the roadway by a double rank of troops standing almost shoulder to shoulder, while the balconies in the houses were no less closely thronged with more fortunate spectators. The Press correspondents—at least those who were not sufficiently fortunate to have secured a seat for themselves—were accommodated with places on the ramparts of the Kremlin, whence a magnificent bird's eye view of Moscow and the progress of the procession could be obtained. The Government has certainly treated the Press correspondents with considerable liberality, assigning them free quarters in the Hotel de Moscow, and affording them all due facilities, requiring in return that they should wear a large metal plaque and carry a special card about with them, bearing the official authorisation and their own photograph.

After some hours of patient waiting the booming of cannon gave the signal for the innumerable bells of Moscow to clang out a welcoming peal, and announced that the procession started. The procession was certainly a gorgeous pageant, rich in costumes of every descriptions. The varied uniforms of the troops, from which Teutonic innovations have been stringently abolished, the old shapes and colours being restored, even to the sheepskin caftan, the resplendent State liveries and the curious robes of the various Oriental delegates and potentates, made up a picturesque scene almost defying description. The simplest figure was that of the Czar himself, who rode a white horse, and wore the dark green uniform of an infantry General. A numerous and brilliant suite followed him, amongst whom were the Duke of Edinburgh, to whom he made a laughing remark as the British Embassy, gay with countless banners, was passed. Another face well known to Englishmen was that of Lord Wolseley. The Empress followed, with the Grand Duchess Xenie Alexandrovna, in a gilded State coach, and then came a long file of gala carriages, in one of which sat the Duchess of Edinburgh. At the entrance to the city the Czar was received by the Mayor and Municipality, and at the gate of the Kitai Gorod, leading into the portals of the Kremlin, he dismounted, and, together with the Empress, did reverence to the Iberian Madonna, the most revered icon in Moscow. Then, passing through the Gate of the Saviour into the Kremlin, the Czar and Czarina worshipped successively in the Cathedral of the Assumption and the minor churches, and soon afterwards a Royal salute announced that the pageant was over, and that Alexander III. and his consort were safely housed in their private apartments. The one drawback to the day's success was the weather, a fitful rain continuing at intervals throughout the day, and a regular downpour in the evening preventing any extensive attempts at illumination.

On Wednesday the consecration of the Imperial standard, to which the Czar will swear fealty on his coronation to-morrow, took place in the Trophy Room of the Kremlin. Only the Imperial family, their suites, and a few especially favoured persons were present at the ceremony, at the close of which the Czar and Czarina and the Grand Dukes and Duchesses filed before the altar, and kissed the cross and the hands of the priests who bore it. The Czar and the Czarina then drove to the Summer Palace of Neskotchenaya, where for three days they were to live in seclusion prior to the grand coronation ceremony to-morrow (Sunday). Meanwhile the heralds would make the official proclamations, beginning on Thursday.

In FRANCE the asserted illness of the Comte de Chambord, regarding which there are the most contradictory statements, has created considerable excitement in political circles, more especially as it is rumoured that Henri V. intends to nominate as his successor, not the Comte de Paris, but the son of Don Carlos—Don Jaime de Bourbon, who is the heir to the Comte's personal property, and is always treated by him as his next of kin. Don Carlos married the Comte's niece, the Princess Marguerite, and, moreover, is himself a direct descendant of Philip, Duke of Anjou, the second son of the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., while the Orleanist Princes are descendants of Philip of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV. It is generally held, however, that Don Carlos's claim to the French throne is barred by the acceptance of the Spanish throne by Philip of Anjou, when he renounced all claims to the French succession. The Spanish Bourbons are cordially disliked in France, so that, should the Comte de Chambord make Don Jaime his political heir, the cause of monarchy would be hopelessly damaged, while it would be immensely forwarded by the Comte de Paris assuming the Royalist leadership, the Orleanist Princes being universally popular, and ready if called upon to govern constitutionally. Many Conservative Republicans would be won over to the Royal cause, and a monarchy might then be in its turn pronounced—the realisation of that Utopian dream of all French statesmen—"the régime which divides the least." As for the actual condition of the Comte de Chambord's health, there is undoubtedly some foundation for the serious rumours. He has gone to Frohsdorf, it is true, but appeared unable to walk without assistance.

Meanwhile, the Cabinet with some forethought is trying to make overtures to the Vatican, and amends for the incivility with which the clergy have been treated in France. Thus a Note has been addressed to the Pope regarding the recent decision of the Council of the State

that Bishops can be as easily deprived of their stipends as *curés*, declaring that the Council was merely consultative, and that no breach of the Concordat would be committed. Any reduction of the Public Worship Budget has been also strenuously opposed, while the intention of appointing an uncongenial prelate to the Archbishopric of Bordeaux has been abandoned, and a priest more agreeable to the Vatican has been substituted. Other political topics have been the Tonquin expedition, the Vote for which has been discussed in the Senate this week; the intention in England to build a second Suez Canal, which is virulently opposed, the journals, as usual, calling us all sorts of opprobrious names. That a second Canal is needed, however, is acknowledged, and it is said that at the shareholders' meeting, next month, M. de Lesseps will propose that the Company should itself undertake the task.

In PARIS the French Derby has been won by the Duc de Castries' Frontin, ridden by F. Archer, the horse becoming first favourite as soon as it was known that the successful English jockey would ride. The prizes have been awarded for the Salon, but the only medal of honour is gained by M. Dalon for his sculpture, no painters gaining a sufficient majority of the jury. M. Henri Martin, however, received a first-class medal for painting, as also M. Laloux, for architecture, and MM. Lamothe and Champollion for engraving and lithography. The only dramatic novelty is a three-act comedy at the Vaudeville, *La Vie Facile*, by MM. Albéric Second and Paul Ferrier, an adaptation of the former's well-known novel. General Sabatier, who was only recently promoted to the command of the Paris Garrison, died on Wednesday.

A Ministerial crisis has been agitating political circles in ITALY, where a debate on the internal policy of the Cabinet has resulted in a vote of confidence of 348 votes to 29. In consequence, however, of Signor Depretis' conciliatory attitude towards the Right, which has coalesced with the Moderate Liberals, in order to form a constitutional party, and to the fact that the minority consisted of Radicals, the two Radical Ministers, Signori Baccarini and Zanardelli, resigned, and Signor Depretis has had to remodel his Cabinet. The Pope's letter to the Irish Bishops has excited animated discussion in the Press, and the Liberal journals, apparently from their usual policy of opposing whatever Leo XIII. may do, have condemned the circular as ill-judged and a serious error. Considerable interest is also taken in the negotiations between Prussia and the Vatican. Prussia recently sent a Note offering further conciliatory terms in order to come to an understanding, and declared her willingness to agree to a law by which all unbenedicted Vicars would be allowed to officiate, so that only the names of benedicted priests would have to be submitted for approval, and also expressed her readiness to effect a revision of the May laws. The Pope—or at least his advisers, who rumour declares are far more ultra than himself, do not consider the concessions sufficient, and a reply has been given that the proposals cannot be accepted.—The trial of the persons who recently demonstrated in favour of Oberdank began at Rome on Tuesday.—Count von Moltke is making an Italian tour, and is being cordially received at the various towns he visits.

From SWEDEN we hear of the sailing in the *Sofia* of Mr. Oscar Dickson's Greenland Expedition, under the command of Baron Nordenskjöld. The object of the expedition is to explore the interior of Greenland, and to test the correctness of the theory that beyond the icy belt of the coast there is a more hospitable and temperate region. The Baron expects to return from his inland journey at the end of September, and will then make an attempt to land on the south-east coast to search for remains of the old Norse Colonies founded there 900 years ago. Baron Nordenskjöld is accompanied by Captain Emil Nilsson and a number of scientific gentlemen.

There have been some terrible floods in INDIA. The district of Cachar has been completely inundated, and the Deputy-Commissioner telegraphed for a steamer and assistance. Forty inches fell in nine days, the bazaars and food supplies were swept away, and the water rose above the roofs of the houses. Fortunately the majority of the tea gardens were situated on elevated spots, so that the inhabitants were enabled to find points of refuge. The water is now subsiding, but there is great apprehension of famine and an accompanying epidemic. Urgent steps for relief are being taken, and numerous steamers laden with rice have been despatched to the district. From Afghanistan comes further details of the Ameer's victory over the Shinwarris on April 27, and it appears that the defeat of the unruly tribes has had an excellent effect—the Khyber Pass being now free from interruption, and numerous headmen and mollahs having gone to Jellalabad to make their submission to the Ameer.

In the UNITED STATES there have been more cyclones, large districts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, and Missouri being devastated. 85 persons are stated to have been killed, and 340 injured. The cyclone is described as "an enormous funnel 500 feet high, around the top of which the lightning played, so that it suggested the chimney of a great iron foundry." The storm swept away everything that lay in its path, and the *Standard* correspondent writes that at Racine, Wisconsin, the brick chimney of a factory was carried three-quarters of a mile. One house, which was apparently caught in the centre of the whirlwind, was lifted twenty feet above the ground, and floated along until the pressure of the air burst the building, and its five inmates disappeared without leaving a trace—being carried, it is thought, into Lake Michigan.—Mr. P. J. Tynan, generally considered to be the missing "No. 1," has boldly announced his presence in New York, and he has intimated to the British authorities that he is ready when wanted to stand his trial for extradition.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS news has been received in EGYPT from the Soudan Expedition up to May 11th, announcing that the rebels had been vigorously pursued, and that the majority of the native chiefs had made their submission.—In SPAIN there have been great festivities in Madrid, owing to the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal.—In GERMANY Parliament has resumed its sittings, and the debate on the Sick Workman's Fund Bill drags wearily along.—In AUSTRIA Sponga has confessed that Pitely and himself were the murderers of the late Herr von Majlath—the Judge inducing him to this by telling him that all had been ascertained about him and his accomplices by the examination of 100 witnesses.—From SOUTH AFRICA Oham's defeat of Cetewayo is fully confirmed.



THE QUEEN has spent her birthday at Windsor Castle, for the first time for many years, as Her Majesty usually keeps the anniversary at Balmoral. The Queen, however, was to leave for the Highlands last (Friday) night, and will remain about three weeks in the North. Though still unable to take active exercise, as the ankle gathers strength very slowly, Her Majesty drives out as much as possible, having greatly missed her usual walks. The various members of the Royal Family have been visiting Her Majesty at Windsor during the week. Thus, on Saturday morning, the children of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh

arrived, and the Duke of Connaught came in the evening. During the day the Queen received the Rev. Randall and Mrs. Davidson, and the Rev. Mr. Davidson joined the Royal party at dinner, and officiated at Divine Service next morning, which was performed before Her Majesty and the Royal Family in the Oak Room. Subsequently the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Henry of the Netherlands lunched with the Royal party, and left later with the Duke for Bagshot. On Monday the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh's children left, and the Princess Beatrice went to town for the Drawing Room; while the Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud of Wales came down to lunch with the Queen, and Prince and Princess Christian dined with Her Majesty in the evening. Princess Beatrice returned on Tuesday morning, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, the Grand-Duke's second daughter, who has come to England for a short time, and by the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, who lunched with the Queen, and later returned to town. In the afternoon Her Majesty held a Council, at which Lords Carlingford, Sydney, Derby, and Kimberley were present, and Sir Hercules Robinson was sworn in a member, the Queen also giving audience to the Ministers, and taking farewell of Sir A. Galt on his return to Canada. Further, Her Majesty knighted Messrs. George Grove, G. A. Macfarren, and Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Gladstone visited the Queen on Wednesday; while on Thursday Her Majesty's sixty-fourth birthday was kept with due honours at Windsor. The anniversary will be formally celebrated in London to-day (Saturday), by the usual trooping of colours and official banquets.—The Queen has ordered a grey granite monument to be erected over the grave of the late Mr. John Brown in Crathie Churchyard.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen staying with them, the Hereditary Prince and Princess having arrived on Saturday morning, when they were met by the Prince and his sons. In the morning, also, the Prince of Wales and his sons rode to the meet of the Coaching Club, the Princess witnessing the start from her carriage, and later the Prince gave audience to Hobart Pasha, while in the evening the Prince and Princess and their boys went to the Opera. Next day the Royal party attended Divine Service, and on Monday morning the Prince opened the Northbrook Club, whilst the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen went to the Academy and the British Museum. The Princess of Wales held a Drawing-Room in the afternoon on behalf of the Queen, at which the Royal Family and the foreign princes and princesses were present. The Princess of Wales wore pale blue, embroidered with silver and coloured flowers, and ornamented with Brussels lace and roses; Princess Beatrice was in white, trimmed with shaded roses; and the Duchess of Connaught in prune and gold over white, with hyacinths and gold sprays. In the evening the Prince dined with the Grenadier Guards Club, and afterwards accompanied his wife and the Hereditary Prince and Princess to Viscountess Clifden's ball. On Tuesday Princess Beatrice and Princess Elizabeth of Hesse called, and the Prince of Wales went to the first day of the Epsom meeting, while in the evening the Prince and Princess, with their sons and guests, went to the Opera. The Royal party went to the Derby on Wednesday, and in the evening the Prince gave a dinner party at Marlborough House. On Thursday he was to preside at the annual dinner of the 10th Hussars, and to-night (Saturday) goes to the Premier's official banquet.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh reached Moscow on Monday. They will stay in Russia till the end of June, and will then go to join their children at Coburg.—The Duke of Connaught on Saturday presided at the annual meeting of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows. On Monday night he dined with the Grenadier Guards Club, while the Duchess and her sister went to the Princess's Theatre. Next evening the Duke and Duchess and Princess Henry went to the Lyceum Theatre. It is reported that the Duke has accepted the command of the Meerut Division of the Indian Army.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany, with Princess Beatrice, Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, went to St. James's Theatre on Monday evening, and afterwards to Lady Clifden's dance. To-day (Saturday) the Duke opens the new Parkes Museum in Margaret Street.—Prince Christian returned home from Germany on Saturday. The Princess will open the new wing of the North-West London Hospital, Kentish Town Road, on July 3rd.



THE REREDOS in CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL having been pronounced by the Archbishop unworthy of such a building, it was resolved at a meeting in the Cathedral Library, under the presidency of the Dean, to ask the Trustees of the Tait Memorial Fund if they could not substitute a new reredos for the recumbent statue of the late Archbishop at present contemplated by them. The reredos, it was further urged, could be made to harmonise with the sedilia about to be placed in the Cathedral as a local memorial to the deceased Primate.

THE DINNER to be given to the new Archbishop by old Wellingtonians—even hard-worked Primates cannot evade the organisers of public banquets—has now been fixed for the 3rd of July.—The Rev. S. R. Hole, Prebendary of Lincoln, has been appointed by Dr. Benson one of his chaplains.

THE RESTORED CHURCH OF ST. GILES'S, Edinburgh, was re-opened on Wednesday by the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Divided after the Reformation into four separate churches, St. Giles's was soon reduced to three, then for a lengthened period to two—St. Giles and West St. Giles. It is now again one vast labyrinthine building with a single roof, the four great aisles, Albany, St. Elois, Preston, and Murray, being all thrown into the body of the church, in the middle of which will stand the pulpit. It is proposed to convert the little Session House into a fourth aisle, to be called Chambers, after the man who from first to last spent on the restoration little less than 50,000l. The meeting of the General Assembly on Thursday prevented any postponement of the ceremony, which has thus, says the correspondent of the *Times*, been "a memorial service rather than an inaugural one."—Our own Abbey, too, at Westminster, will shortly be enriched with three new busts. That of Longfellow will stand on the pillar between the tombs of Chaucer and of Dryden, in full view of all who approach Poets' Corner. The commission was given by ballot to Mr. Boehm out of sixteen competing sculptors at a meeting of the Committee, where Art was represented by Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Calderon, and Mr. Watts. The portrait bust of Coleridge by Hamo Thornycroft, the gift of an American lady, Mrs. Fell, acting as executrix to the late Dr. Alex. Mercer, of Newport, Rhode Island, will be placed near that of Wordsworth; and to these will be shortly added a bust of Burns, subscribed for by his countrymen.

MORE ANTI-SALVATION RIOTS are reported from Geneva and Neuchâtel, directed this time against native converts, and stronger measures are demanded from the authorities; though it is thought the decree of expulsion against Miss Booth will have to be rescinded.—At Belfast, too, there has been a monster meeting of Salvationists



and sympathisers to protest against the action of the resident magistrates. Mr. McCarthy, in sending four "soldiers" to prison for four days for obstructing the streets by marching in procession, and playing noisily on musical instruments. Not "more light," like Pagan Goethe, but "more noise," has been the latest expressed wish of "the General" of the Army.

"AT NO TIME," says Cardinal Manning, in a Pastoral read last Sunday in all the churches and chapels of his Diocese, "has any civil order sunk so low as the Christian world is sinking now. The old world so profusely believed in the Divine that God was everywhere and in all things. Now God is nowhere and exists no longer. For the first time since the world began it is openly rejecting Him." "Necessity," he concludes, "is laid on us Catholics to bear witness everywhere and in every way for God. In this there can be no neutrality."

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK arrived at Bordeaux last week on their way to Lourdes. The English pilgrimage to the wonder-working shrine began on the 21st, and was to be concluded on the 24th.

MR. MADEN HOLT, M.P. some years ago for North-East Lancashire, has been elected Chairman of the Church Association.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS commenced on Wednesday in the Friends' Meeting-House in Bishopsgate. The most important matters discussed were the extension of home missions and the revision of the Book of Discipline.

AN INFLUENTIAL MEETING was held on Monday at the Mansion House to discuss the position of the Church in the Transvaal, when previously to the war the Bishop of Pretoria had achieved no inconsiderable success. The Bishop, who had resigned a valuable home living to go to Africa, has now only 600*l.* a year, a sum quite inadequate for the demands on him. It was resolved, if possible, to raise a yearly sum of 2,000*l.* for the next five years, (1) to provide for clergy, evangelists, and school teachers; (2) to defray the Bishop's travelling expenses, about 350*l.* per annum; and (3) to augment his stipend to the modest minimum declared necessary at the late South African Synod.

THE NAME OF EDWARD COLERIDGE in the obituary for the week, at the advanced age of eighty-four, will remind many old Etonians of one whose connection with Eton as Assistant Master for twenty-six years, Lower Master for seven years, Fellow of the College in 1857, and Vicar of the Eton living of Mapledurham since 1872, extended over nine-and-fifty years. Outside Eton Mr. Coleridge's greatest work was the leading part he took in the establishment of St. Augustine's Missionary College, Canterbury.

A CORRESPONDENT has kindly pointed out to us an error in our last week's "Church," by which Dr. Scott, of Westminster, was described as the joint editor with Dean Liddell of the well-known "Lexicon." Dr. Liddell's collaborator was, of course, the present Dean of Rochester, Dr. R. Scott.

THE SOUTHWELL BISHOPRIC.—A meeting will be held at the Mansion House on 1st of June on behalf of the Completion of the Endowment Fund of this proposed New Bishopric. There are perhaps no Dioceses so urgently needing subdivision as the great Midland Dioceses of Lincoln and Lichfield, every day growing in population and developing increased spiritual needs.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The first appearance of Madame Albani (on Saturday last), was, as usual, a "gala-night," and seldom has the event looked more auspicious. There was a crowded house, and the heroine of the evening was in full possession of her enviable resources, her voice, throughout its entire range, sounding brighter and fresher than ever. The opera was *Rigoletto*, which, besides being the masterpiece of Verdi, contains the part best suited in all respects to Madame Albani's engaging idiosyncrasy. Gilda serves to display her endowments as an actress, and, at the same time, to exhibit at its best her facile and brilliant vocalisation. Where female gentleness and charm are predominating characteristics this accomplished lady always shines by the aid of her own abiding consciousness; and these are the qualities especially required by Verdi's most fascinating creation—a passionately devoted woman surrounded by a halo of purest innocence. How Madame Albani can rise to a loftier sphere of emotion is sufficiently demonstrated in the last scene of the opera, when, though an unwilling witness to her lover's infidelity, Gilda sacrifices her life to save him. About Madame Albani's delivery of the *aria*, "Caro nome," with the finished and long drawn-out "trill" at the conclusion, we have so frequently spoken, that to add that, like other passages in which Gilda is prominent, it has still further ripened into excellence, will amply suffice. Her companions were Signor Ravelli (the Duke), who was encoined in the popular canzonet, "La donna e mobile;" M. Duvoyod (a Rigoletto who cannot make us forget the Jester of Ronconi—as who, indeed, can?); Mdlle. Tremelli (Azucena—a part that has been essayed by no end of contraltos, from Pauline Viardot Garcia, Nantier Didiée, and Albani to Trebelli); and Signor Monti (Sparafucile), all of whom were at their best, as was the performance generally under the direction of Signor Bevilacqua. On Monday, owing to the indisposition of Madame Tremelli, *Marta* was substituted for *La Favorita*, Madame Repetto, our new soprano, again assuming the part of Lady Enrichetta. On Tuesday night the opera was Bizet's never unwelcome *Carmen*, the extraordinary popularity of which the composer himself did not live to witness. Madame Lucca, again the heroine, created the same powerful impression as last year. The music does not perhaps in all cases fit itself readily to her voice—which is a genuine soprano; but her expression of each successive phrase manifests rare intelligence; while her portrayal of the character of the wilful and impetuous gipsy is in all respects consummate. The death of *Carmen*, at the hands of Don José—who obstinately forbids her entering the arena of the bull-fight, to join in the triumph of her newly accepted lover, Escamillo, ultimately stabbing her with his dagger—is something apart, only to be seen to be admired and applauded. In short, Madame Lucca is an actress *fur sang*. Madame Repetto assumed the character of the gentle peasant, Michaela; Signor Ravelli that of Don José; and Signor Del Puente, our old friend, when the opera was first produced at Her Majesty's Theatre (1879), that of the bold and defiant Escamillo (obtaining the accustomed encore for his admirable rendering of the song of the Toreador, in Act II.). Boito's *Meisfiele* was advertised for Thursday, and for to-night we are promised Rossini's immortal *Guillaume Tell*. Ponchielli's *Gioconda* is announced for Thursday next.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—These entertainments appear to have lost none of their attraction, although the eminent Viennese conductor has hitherto produced no startling novelty, nor has he drawn largely upon the resources which are well known to be his. The most that can be said of the first concert is that a selection of pieces from the Wagner repertory, including the gloomy piece affectedly entitled "A Faust Overture," the prelude to *Parsifal*, and the Siegfried Dead March from *Götterdämmerung*, was finely relieved by a really grand performance of Beethoven's C minor, in which (as

inevitably, in the Wagner music) Herr Richter, at the head of an orchestra too strong, was really "master of all he surveyed." At the second concert the room (St. James's Hall), was less numerously attended. There was only one selection from Wagner, and this may possibly account for the fact. Moreover, the overture to *Tannhäuser* is by this time pretty nearly worn to tatters, while the *Venusberg* "Bacchanale" is by no means one of the most inviting inspirations of the "poet-musician." A fine performance of Beethoven's overture to *Coriolan*, which luckily opened the concert, would, if coming later, have made some havoc with what actually preceded it. The symphony was Joachim Raff's *Im Walde*, in certain respects, though not in all, one of the happiest efforts of this utterly indefatigable composer. The familiar air, "Che faro senza Eurydice?" (sung by Miss Orridge), and Brahms' concerto in D for violin and orchestra, gallantly essayed by Gospodin Adolf Brodsky, were the other features of the programme. The third concert (on Monday night) brought another crowded audience. The selection was altogether irreproachable. It is always a pleasure to hear Cherubini's brilliant overture to *Anacreon* performed by a large and competent orchestra such as that which Herr Richter has at command. As Mr. C. A. Barry, the able commentator on the programmes, justly observes, "It sounds as fresh and vigorous as it did then" (at the Paris Grand Opera, October 4, 1803, some eighty years ago.) Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7), with its wonderful second movement in the minor tonic, is, whenever faithfully interpreted, as on the present occasion, a fresh revelation. New points call our attention each time the work is given, and the most religious listener seems to wonder that he had not previously detected them. Thus genius declares itself at every step. The second "Scotch Rhapsody" (entitled "Burns") by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, the successful composer of *Colomba*, a welcome item in the programme, was received with singular favour, and at the end the young and promising musician had to rise from his seat in the stalls and acknowledge the compliment paid to his work and to himself. Nevertheless, with becoming deference, why employ that absurd nomenclature, "Rhapsodie?" What really does it mean—unless it be in conjunction with certain rhapsodical outpourings of the fathomless Abbé Liszt? About the "Song of Fate" (*Schicksalstied*) of Johannes Brahms, so noble and impressive in certain places, so disappointing in others, it is merely necessary to say that it served to give additional interest to an exceptionally interesting concert.

WAIFS.—There was no performance at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. For to-day we are promised the Grand Requiem of Hector Berlioz.—The first of Mr. Gye's "Floral Hall Concerts" is announced for to-day (this afternoon), with the usual miscellaneous programme, in which Madame Albani and other artistes belonging to the Royal Italian Opera will take part, as well as the young violinist, Mdlle. Teresa Tua.—Both the *Esmeralda* of Mr. Goring Thomas and the *Colomba* of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie appear to have won the good opinion of our "provincial" contemporaries, to judge from their reports. The Dublin press are unstinted in their eulogies.

## OUR COUNTY TOWN

PEOPLE dwelling in the proud metropolis are apt to think that they have the best of the fun to themselves, but they are very much mistaken. The cream of life is found to be pretty evenly distributed over the geographical milkpan, in whatever part of it the spoon is dipped. There may be a little more "tone," perhaps, in London than elsewhere; but, after all, what is "tone"? Tone is a very much over-rated embellishment, like dados and cracked teapots. It is only something put on to disguise the real "biped without feathers;" a tint tending to reduce all natural colours to a dead level of uniformity. To put it practically, you never can tell whether it is safe to lend a man of "tone" an umbrella. No; for the free enjoyment of the sight of humanity in all its natural hues, commend us to the county town, and, among county towns, of course to *our* county town.

We do not, indeed, in our county town, claim "to see ourselves as others see us," nor have we the least desire to do so. We are not quite such fools as that; it would spoil all the fun; but each of us has the privilege of seeing the rest as they do not see themselves—in all their humorous eccentricities and side-splitting inconsistencies. For we know all about each other. It is of no use for Jones, of High Street, to tell us that his daughter is about to make a "first-rate London match," for we know that the "intended" had hardly enough money to pay his bill at the "Red Lion" the last time he came down courting. We know what to think when Brown, the grocer, is laid up with "neuralgia," and we condole with him openly on having "had 'em again." We know why our Vicar so frequently parts with his curates, though not with his seven marriageable daughters, and why the curates shake their heads on leaving, and mutter that they "feel no call to do it." When Miss de Bracy created that awful scandal by running away with a flyman, we knew what to think when the husband was introduced into Society as "One who had risen from the ranks." We know why Green, our big draper, goes to London to select all his goods, instead of ordering them from the commercials, though his beloved wife sees no holiday in it; and we know that Kidderminster carpets and Windsor chairs are not more cheaply purchased in Paris than elsewhere, though the spouse of Mr. Smith has been nurtured in the faith that they are. We know, too, how Simkins, the agent, managed to get his voucher for the county ball, though he and old Lady Ardup fondly imagine that the secret is their own. In short, we know everything. Our readers will remember the adage: "Once a widow knows what; twice a widow knows what's what; three times a widow knows the Devil knows what." In our county town we are all in the position of that thrice-blessed relic.

And, to the credit of our humanity, it must be noted that this knowledge of our neighbours' little weaknesses and cupboard skeletons serves but to endear us the more to each other. We, of course, are always quite ready to burn one another in effigy on the least provocation; to write contemptuously to the papers or speak sarcastically of each other in private; but still let no stranger thoughtlessly pay too much heed to this outward antagonism. It is only in the nature of the domestic tiff. We should unite as one man in scorning his criticism or his interference, and should rend the heavens in protestations that we really are a very happy family.

One of the sources of our keenest amusement is our Mayor. We, of course, all have been, or might have been, or expect to be, Mayor; but that does not alter the case in the least. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls receives its highest illustration in this dignitary. Each successive Mayor puts on the precise official characteristics of his predecessor. We have heard Professor Huxley lecture on the origin of species, and he tempted us to think that, in days gone by, there must have been, by some freak of nature, a boa-constrictor, a chameleon, and an Irish bull all cast together on a desert island, with only a codfish in a pool of water for company; and that, by some process of natural selection, or environment, or what you will, the soul of the provincial Mayor was gradually evolved from these elements. In his dignified countenance, which cannot wink its eye, we recognise the codfish; in his power of changing the man for the Mayor, and the Mayor for the man, we find again the chameleon; his dining capacity can only have descended from the boa-constrictor; while his peculiar capacity for putting his foot in it must have been inherited from an Irish bull.

It is such a joke to go and eat his dinners, to listen to his speeches with rapt, if not over-strained, attention; to receive him on public

occasions with full, if not exaggerated, applause; and then to go to his warehouse or shop the next morning, and order a barrel of beer or a kitchen-range from him, and so put him back into his proper place again. Even when he happens to be a professional gentleman, he does not escape us. A few years ago we had Squills, our leading doctor, for Mayor, and we could not very well go and order a sack of coke from him; but we had our joke, nevertheless, when from the bench he sentenced a boy to a birching for theft. He had forgotten that he had assisted at the entrance into this vale of tears of this very urchin; but the mother had not. "Ah, doctor," she exclaimed reproachfully in court, "you said, when he came, that he was sent into the world for some wise purpose: was it for you to make a whipping-post of him?" This was "nuts," walnuts and wine almost, to the town. And we get a little excitement out of the Mayor now and then by carefully spreading reports of the imminent visit of some Royal or distinguished personage. Thereupon, like the "deputy shepherd," he "swells wisely," holds consultations with his leading councillors, inquires privately of half-a-dozen friends as to his chances of a knighthood, and whether it is strict etiquette to kiss his Pre-eminence's hand or his toe, and if he is to be received kneeling. And, when his Pre-eminence really did come down, *incog.*, it was the greatest delight in the world to tell our Mayor of it at the eleventh hour, to see him and his acolytes rushing about to find the mace and the robes, and to behold them waiting patiently in the rain for two hours while his Pre-eminence slipped off by a back way. But, though we regale on our Mayor, we nevertheless respect him, and congratulate him when he succeeds to office.

We have not space to dwell on the amusement afforded us by the town councillors; but they contribute fully in their degree to the entertainment. Their polite discussions of the "you're another" order, and the correspondence in the local Press between antagonistic members as to the great town pump question, or the appointment of a scavenger question—for all municipal dirty linen is washed in the market-place—are always something to fall back upon when conversation flags. And then the ventilation of their private lives which goes on just before the municipal elections is simply luscious. Of course, the councillors pale their ineffectual fires before the effulgence of their chief; but they serve to amuse us when that functionary is away on official tour (expenses paid by the town) inspecting the gas works of the Western Islands of Scotland, getting hints for improved paving and lighting among the salmon fisheries of Norway, or studying the incidence of taxation in the Lake district.

Should there be any falling short in the entertainment provided by the Mayor and Corporation in our county town, the local J.P.'s are always there to supply the want. We never could understand the complaints against the Great Unpaid which appear from time to time in the London newspapers. They must be founded on a failure to grasp the true *ratio efficiens* of that body. Gentlemen, before they rush into print with some sample, more choice than ordinary, of their fantastic tricks, should reflect a little. The apology for, the end of the existence of the J.P. is the amusement of thousands of his fellow men, at the expense in each case of only one fellow man.

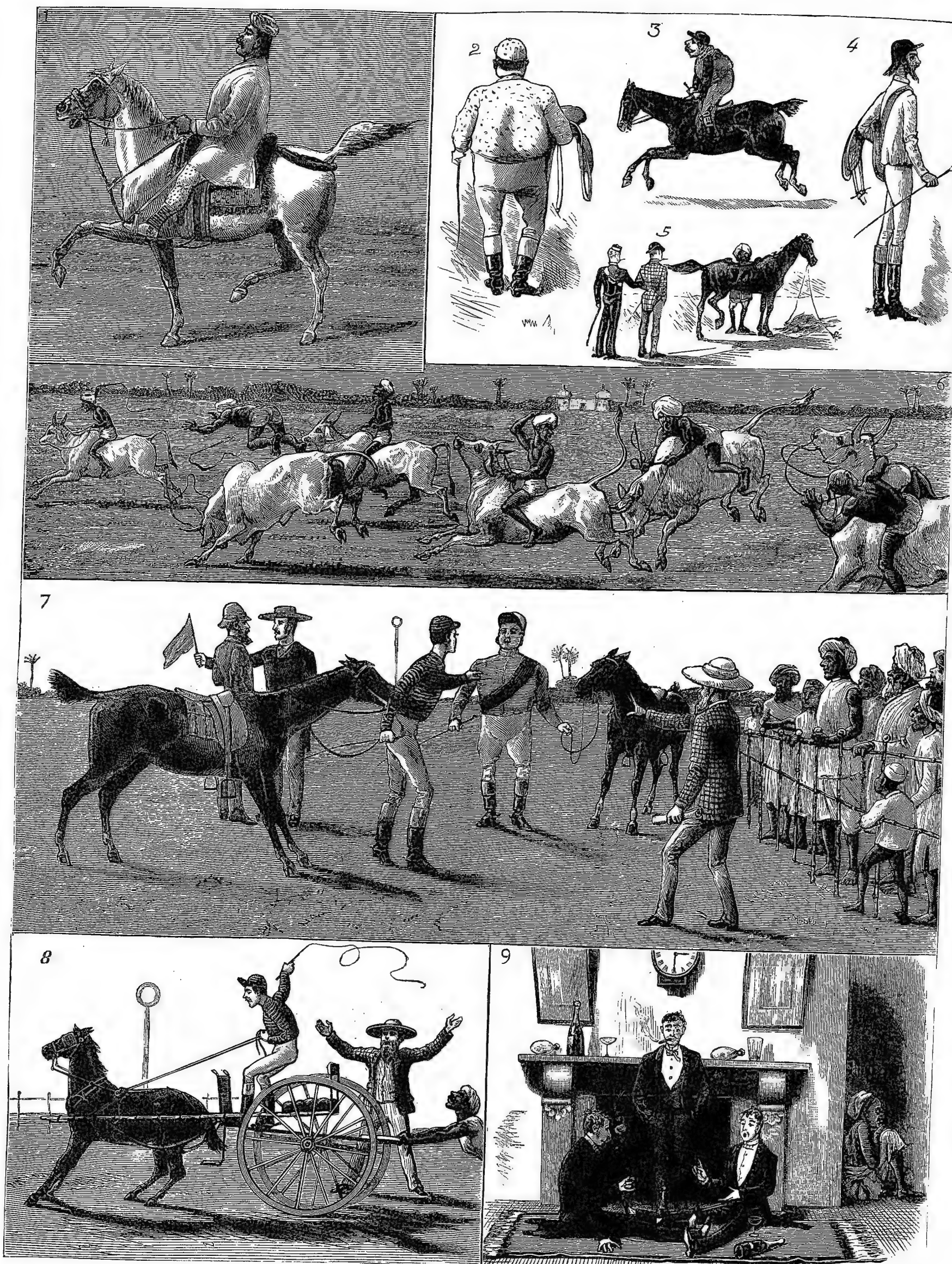
The above-mentioned are our standing sources of mirth and good-fellowship. There are also intermittent supplies. Elections, if not the most frequent, are the most exciting of these. The good old spirit of Etonianism revives at such times in our county town. From the arrival of the writ everybody takes leave of his senses. The whole place runs riot, and all, except the defeated candidate, look upon the affair as a grand entertainment provided by Government for their delectation. The hearing of an election petition, too, is ravishing joy, and an inquiry into the rotten state of the borough absolute delirium.

And if the older heads of our county town are reposeing after a surfeit of the cups of pleasure indicated above, the younger spirits take up the ball and keep it rolling. One never hears nowadays of a practical joke in London, but in our town they are "plants" of perennial growth. They are not small affairs either. Sending cradles to bachelors and old maids, or goose-necks hanging out of stone-laden hampers to civic dignitaries, may have suited the dull-witted Dark Ages; but we are beyond that. When our youth go in for a prank it is on a brilliant scale. Their ingenuity is worthy of a better cause. And the shame of it is that all but the sufferers laugh consumedly. It is not a month since old hen-pecked Gritts, the retired maltster, who lives a couple of miles out of the town, saw arrive in front of his house a stately and solemn procession of a hearse and four coaches, with mutes to match, followed by a mob of the idle and curious. Gritts descended the steps of his portico—he used to call it his portfolio, till checked—in blank astonishment at the apparition. It was rather rough on him to be informed by the M.C. that the latter had come to bury Mrs. Gritts, who the moment before had been administering a vigorous jacketing to him anent her neglected wardrobe. How the unfortunate mistake arose was never satisfactorily explained. True, the undertaker had a letter to show, in a handwriting marvellously like Gritts' (all pot-hooks and hangers), giving the order; but of course Gritts repudiated the penmanship. We were all very sorry for him, though we all laughed, for we felt that Mrs. Gritts, when short of a subject to tackle him upon, would ever after fall back upon that.

The Vicar's garden party last summer was, however, the best entertainment our smart youth have furnished us with for some time. One Saturday afternoon the town was all astir. The young gentlemen from Dr. Blimber's Academy, smartly dressed and radiant, were seen wending their way out on the London Road, marshalled by a smiling Feeder, B.A. The young ladies of Miss Pinkerton's Seminary, in gala attire and smiling, shortly afterwards went through the town, also two-and-two, escorted by Miss Pinchem, and likewise proceeded down the London Road. There was nothing unusual in this except the extra smartness of attire and the hilarity. But when, soon after, all the big scholars of the National Schools followed in the same direction, we thought there must be some educational revel coming off somewhere, a lexicographic luncheon, or parsing picnic. But this theory was upset when all the old people out of the almshouses appeared with beaming faces, and filed off the same way, for they were noted for dipping in any spring rather than the Pierian. The rear was brought up by the two rival photographers of the town—always on the alert for something fresh—dragging their cameras on their backs on speculation. What could it all mean? One inquisitive man followed a little way down the road; and, when he got to the Vicarage gates, he saw all the party, young and old, gathered on the lawn in front of the house, expectant, while Feeder, B.A., was rapping at the door. The spy immediately brought back the good news that the Vicar was giving a garden party! The news, however, had hardly spread before the whole assemblage returned; but, alas, not as they went. There were no more smiles; teachers were glum, and scholars dejected; while the aged people muttered words which Bowdler excises from Shakespeare. But they were too many to keep the secret. To cut the matter short, some benevolent individual had issued invitations to all these establishments to a garden party; but, possibly through not having enough space of his own, had been thoughtlessly led to adopt the Vicar's name and handwriting, and had invited them to the Vicarage instead. Seriously, it was very cruel. Innocent youth and venerable age should both inspire reverence. And why the Vicar should have been chosen as a victim we cannot tell. He is a most respectable man, for he is never to be seen in any but the best society.

Such are some of the diversions provided for us when there is a lull in more public matters. We might enlarge on the packet of pepper which was ignited in the Assembly Rooms on the occasion of the last revival meeting there, with the result that even the brethren

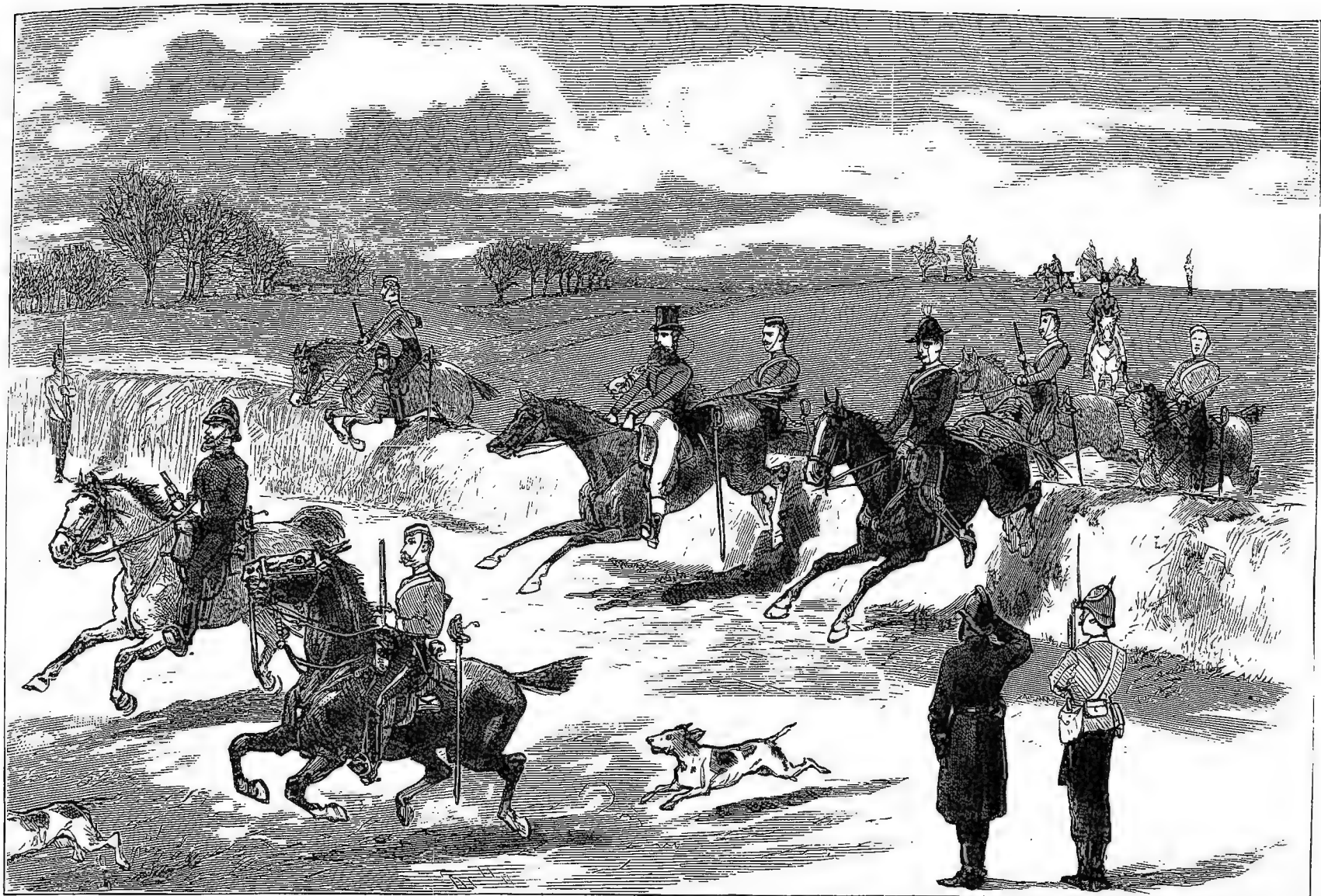




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6. The Water-Carriers' Race.—7. A Squabble After the Pony-Race.—8. The Buggy-Stakes: Condition—"That the Winner Must Be Driven Round the Course."—  
9. After the Dinner-Party: The Last Revellers.

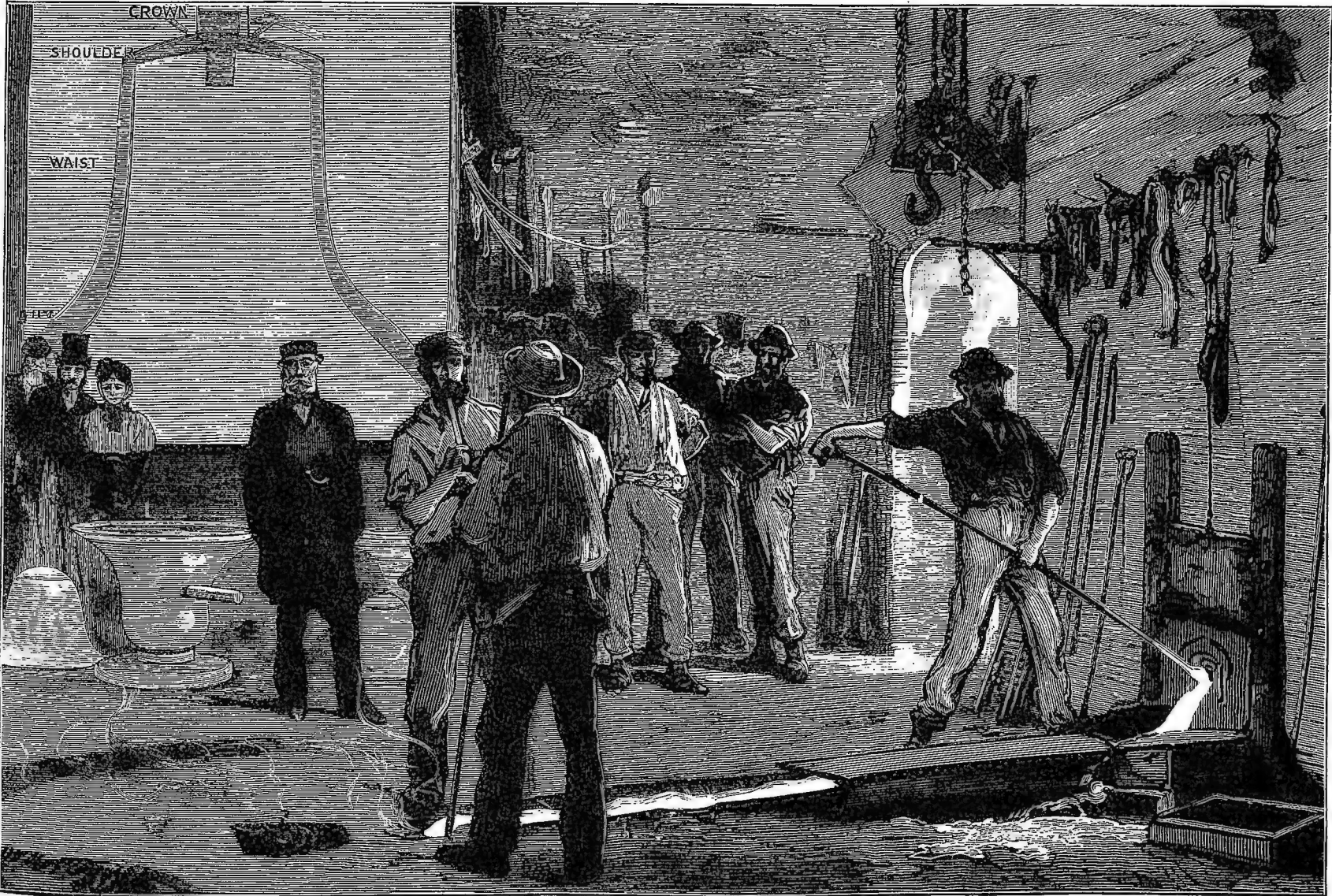
AT A RACE-MEETING, FEVERABAD, INDIA





HUNTING IN IRELAND: WHAT IT IS COMING TO—THE LORD LIEUTENANT OUT WITH THE MEATH HOUNDS

SECTION OF THE BELL



CASTING THE NEW TENOR BELL FOR THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE—RUNNING THE METAL INTO THE MOULD



on the platform found it impossible to "hold the fort;" but we must refrain. Enough has been said to show that there is invention in our county town. We must conclude, as we began, with the remark that the metropolis has by no means all the fun to itself.

R. T. G.



**THE TURF.**—The victory of Primrose II. in the Manchester Cup has been the subject of a vast amount of talk, especially as the "unexpected improvement" theory seems to be much in vogue. According to "the book" and recent running the winner had no chance, notwithstanding his lenient impost. Still his victory was by no means unexpected. His jockey carried extra weight, he started second favourite in a field of sixteen, and the professional prophets who generally seemed "in the know" went for him pretty freely. But after all, "unexpected improvement" is often above all suspicion, however inexplicable it may be. And Wednesday's Derby is an instance of it. The winner, St. Blaise (a fairly-named son of Hermit and Fusee), showed some pretty fair form last season as a two-year-old, but could not be said to rank in the very first class of the juveniles; and only the other day he could get no nearer than fourth for the Two Thousand. True, he was not up to concert pitch on that occasion, but there was nothing in his case to lead to the expectation of "development" sufficient to win the Derby. Hence most of the recognised prophets utterly neglected him, and the general public ignored him, notwithstanding a strong demonstration made in the market by his friends a few days ago, which made him an equal second favourite with Goldfield, The Prince, and Ladislas. After the deposition of Beau Brummell from the premiership, Galliard, the Two Thousand winner, naturally became first favourite, and started at a little over 3 to 1. In the race Bon Jour made most of the running to help his stable companion Ladislas, but the latter, after going to the front round Tattenham Corner, could not keep there. For a few moments Beau Brummell looked like winning, but retired, as did The Prince, who was beaten some time before him. Galliard, Goldfield, and St. Blaise now became the leading trio, and a most exciting race ensued, but Goldfield could not go fast enough. Midway up "the distance" Highland Chief (the disgraced Two Thousand favourite) came out with a terrific rush, passed Galliard, and fast catching St. Blaise, was only beaten by a neck, Galliard being half-a-length behind. Thus, the Two Thousand running was completely upset, except that St. Blaise finished in front of Highland Chief, as he did on that occasion. The winner was bred by Lord Alington, and is owned by Sir F. Johnstone. The Kingsclere coterie, which includes the Duke of Westminster, and, to say the least of it, has the sympathies of the Prince of Wales, was of course delighted, and no one more so than the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Derby of 1883 will be long remembered for many reasons. Macheath, the crack two-year-old of last season, and Fulmen, a very good animal, and other horses which seemed to have a chance, were either disqualified through the deaths of their owners, or for some other reason, failed to get to the post, and hence the race was one of the most open on record. It produced also the smallest field since 1823, when Emilius won, the number of starters on that occasion being the same as of those on Wednesday, viz., eleven. The rider of the winner was C. Wood, who seems to be more than disputing the premiership of the pigskin with F. Archer this season. It may be noted that the House of Commons reverted to the good old custom of adjourning for the Derby Day, after voting itself the holiday, despite Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Co., by 185 to 85. St. Blaise in the Calendar is rather a neglected saint. He is said to have been Bishop of Sebaste in Armenia. His martyrdom, A.D. 316, was effected, according to tradition, by tearing his flesh to pieces with iron combs; and hence probably he became the patron saint of woolcombers.

**CRICKET.**—At last cricket weather, and plenty of cricket. One of the most important of recent matches has been that between Cambridge University and a pretty strong Eleven of England. It was drawn, but greatly in favour of the Light Blues, who made a first innings of 317. Of this the Hon. M. B. Hawke made 141, and C. T. Studd 87. In his second innings for England the Hon. A. Lyttelton scored 115.—Surrey has suffered the humiliation of being beaten by Leicestershire, though only by 7 runs. Parnham, the Leicestershire bowler, was in good form, as was also Rylott. Another defeat of the Home county has been inflicted by Derbyshire, who won the match by 51 runs.—In a one innings game the Eton boys have beaten Oriel College, Oxford, the scores being 214 and 95.—The match at Lord's between Yorkshire and the M.C.C. was a good one. The M.C.C. first innings was 125, and that of Yorkshire 121. M.C.C. then put on 113, but for Yorkshire Ulyett and Emmett put together 79 and 35 respectively, and so the County won by 10 wickets.—Dr. E. M. Grace has begun the season well by scoring 150 (not out) in a game at Cardiff.—Of course it could not be expected that Derbyshire could make much of a fight with Lancashire, which won by an innings and 160 runs.

**CYCLING.**—The annual meet of Tricyclists is to take place at Barnes Common on Saturday next. All the leading clubs have

decided to be represented. Unattached tricyclists are also invited, and so the best gathering of riders and machines yet held may be expected.—The bicyclists had their annual tryst on Saturday last at Hampton Court; and the 200 riders who represented the institution of the ceremony in 1874 have now increased to 1,600. A round hundred of Metropolitan Clubs were represented, and between thirty and forty Provincial.—The Ten Miles' Tricycling Championship has been decided at Leicester, Mr. M. J. Lowndes, of Coventry, beating F. Moore and C. D. Vesey. The winner's time was 34 min. 3 sec.

**AQUATICS.**—Harding, of Blackwall, has had an easy victory over Mariner, of Waterloo Bridge, over the Thames Championship Course.

**COACHING.**—The Coaching Club held its first meet in Hyde Park on Saturday last, with a muster of twenty-five drags. The Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family were present. The lead was taken by Lord Hothfield, in the absence of the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Carington.



A THREE-ACT farce—or "farical comedy," as it is now the fashion to call such productions—entitled *Confusion*, and written by Mr. Derrick, was produced at a morning performance at the VAUDEVILLE last week. It is clearly based upon the Palais Royal model, and the bustling comedy of errors which it sets forth abounds in the conventionalities of the stage. For all this, Mr. Derrick's piece shows a decided faculty for this kind of work; and, if to make his audience laugh was his primary object, he has unquestionably succeeded. The performance had the advantage of the services of some clever actors and actresses. Prominent among these is Miss Larkin, whose performance of the part of a lady driven to jealous desperation by an equivocal telegram—or, rather, fragment of a telegram—addressed to her lover, was highly diverting. Mr. Groves, Mr. F. Thorne, Miss Bishop, Miss Kate Lee, and Mr. Day also rendered efficient service, and contributed much to the success of this brisk and amusing production.

The new theatre, known at first as the Novelty, and now as the FOLIES DRAMATIQUES, has had as yet only a short existence, but it has already become noted for its misfortunes. A version of Strauss's *Prince Methusalem* brought out here on Saturday last was so poorly played and sung, and altogether so ill digested, that it puzzled and wearied the audience. In Vienna Strauss's comic opera has enjoyed considerable success. As presented at the little theatre in Great Queen Street by Messrs. Rising, Desmond, Day, Wood, and Danvers, and Mesdames Dubois, Clermont, and Stavart it appeared to have few redeeming features beyond the clever lyrics furnished for the occasion by Mr. H. S. Leigh.

Soon after the departure of Mr. Irving and his company for their short provincial tour, preparatory to their trip to the United States, the LYCEUM stage will be devoted to a series of performances by American companies under the management of Mr. Abbey, the American manager who has organised Mr. Irving's Transatlantic campaign. Miss Mary Anderson, a lady famous for her beauty and grace rather than for great powers as an actress, will be the bright particular star of the opening performances. It is, we believe, probable that she will make her *début* here in the part of Galatea in Mr. Gilbert's classical comedy.

"By special desire," to quote the words of the public advertisements, the date of Miss Ellen Terry's benefit at the Lyceum has been changed from June 1 to the 31st inst. *Much Ado About Nothing* will then be given for the 212th time, being the last performance but one of this memorable revival.

Sincere regret is felt in dramatic and musical circles at the news of the death of Mr. Arthur Mathison, a gentleman of amiable character, and of conspicuous ability as an actor, a vocalist, and a dramatic author. His burlesque satire upon modern melodrama, entitled *More Than Ever*, is one of the cleverest and most amusing pieces of its class which our dramatic repertory can furnish. His powers are still more strikingly shown, though in a widely different way, in his singularly touching story in verse, called "The Little Hero," which those who have had the pleasure of hearing it recited by Mrs. Billington will not readily forget. Mr. Mathison, who had been suffering for some time with a painful disease, expired on Monday last, at the age of fifty-seven.

Much harmless fun is expected from Mr. Burnand's *Stage Dora*; or, *Who Killed Cock-Robin?* in which Mr. Toole is to play to-night the part of Louis Spanoff Attilioff. The trifle, which is described as "a condensed drama in one act, served à la Russe with sauce Tartare," is, we need hardly say, a satirical parody, in Mr. Burnand's good-tempered way, upon M. Sardou's *Fidora*, as performed at the Haymarket.

Mr. Irving is to contribute an introduction to a forthcoming translation, by Mr. Walter Pollock, of Diderot's *Paradoxe sur Le Comédien*—a dialogue upon the principles of the histrionic art which is often referred to, but little known.

Before relinquishing her management of the OLYMPIC Theatre Miss Genevieve Ward will once more try her fortunes there. A version of Scribe's comedy, *La Verre d'Eau*, which deals with

Court intrigues at St. James's in the days of Queen Anne, St. John, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Masham, and Abigail Hill, is stated to be in active preparation. Miss Ward elects to play the part of the astute and imperious Duchess.

Mr. Edgar Bruce will take the management of the ADELPHI for a limited term, commencing from a date not yet determined on. His first novelty will be the new romantic drama by Mr. Wilkie Collins, of which we lately gave some particulars.

Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American comedian, has made a re-appearance at the STRAND for a brief season in his old part of Major Wellington de Boots, and also in the farce of *My Neighbour's Wife*. The full-flavoured drolleries of his performances in these pieces seem to have lost none of their charms for Strand audiences.

The Prince of Wales contributed 50*l.* to the benefit fund for Mr. Royce at the GAIETY, besides honouring the special performances on behalf of that amusing actor with his presence, together with the Princess of Wales and their family.



A DECISION OF SOME INTEREST to the promoters of private theatricals was given last Monday in the Southwark County Court in the suit of Duck v. Bates. The plaintiff, who is the assignee of *Our Boys*, sued the defendant, a member of a theatrical club, to recover damages or else a penalty of 40*s.* for each of three representations of the play given by Mr. Bates and his friends at Guy's Hospital in January last, for the entertainment of the nurses and attendants. Admission had been free, and the expenses had been defrayed by the Governors. The judge ruled that the place of the performance was a place of dramatic entertainment for the time being within the meaning of the Act, even though no payment was demanded. On the other hand, the performance was not a public one, so as to infringe upon the plaintiff's rights, nor did the invitations issued make it such. The decision, therefore, was in favour of the defendant.

THE CLAIMANT, who will be released in the ordinary course of events on ticket-of-leave in November, 1884, had a lengthy interview this week with a party of sympathising friends, headed by Mr. Quartermaine East, Mr. R. Croft, of Nottingham, and Mr. Anthony Biddulph, the late Sir Roger's cousin. He was depressed on learning that through an informality in the proceedings there would be some delay in the identification of the lunatic Cresswell in Australia as Arthur Orton, although the Government had been officially informed that Charles Orton had identified Cresswell as Arthur Orton, and had also been recognised by the lunatic. At the close of the interview he was assured by Mr. Croft that his friends in the Midlands were as true to him as ever, and that as soon as he came out of prison a dozen houses would be open to him.

AN INQUEST was held on Monday in Strood Workhouse on the body of Miss Mary Anne Waghorn, the sister of the naval lieutenant who devoted his life to demonstrate the practicability of an overland mail route to India. Miss Waghorn, who was in her seventy-sixth year, had been living for some time alone in a little house at Strood, where she was found, on Thursday morning, in an insensible condition, with a cut on her forehead, the result apparently of a fall. She had been in receipt of a special pension of 25*l.* per annum from the Queen, supplemented by small sums from friends in India, and, according to the evidence of a girl who assisted her in housework, was never in want of ordinary comforts. A subscription was started in Strood for the funeral, which took place in Snodland Churchyard, where her brother, Lieutenant Waghorn, is interred.

A NEW RELIGIOUS ARMY—yclept "the Methodist"—has made its appearance in Dalston, and encountered fierce opposition from "the roughs." This week an active leader of the latter, who had beleaguered the Army's Hall in Ravenscroft Street, with a strong band of 600 followers, and thrown (happily with ill-judged aim) a bag of flour at one of the defenders, Mr. R. Beckett, an insurance agent, was fined at Worship Street in the sum of 40*s.* Of protection to the Army the magistrate declined to speak. Quiet Dalston, so the police inspector hinted, does not much love a religious army which finds most effective means of grace in permission to its converts to beat big drums lustily in tranquil neighbourhoods where people dislike noise.

THE HOME SECRETARY, after full consideration of the memorials addressed and the reports made to him on the health of the prisoners, has declined to interfere with the sentences passed on Messrs. Foote, Ramsay, and Kemp, of the *Freethinker*. He consents, however, to give orders for the relaxation in their case of the more stringent prison rules.

SIR JOHN GORRIE, late Chief Justice of Fiji, has sailed for Antigua to take the Chief Justiceship of the Leeward Islands. Before leaving England he forwarded to the Chairman of the Western Pacific Committee a statement of his views as to the best means of increasing the efficiency of the High Commissioner's Court in Fiji.

THE COMPLIMENTARY DINNER to Mr. Benjamin, Q.C., has been fixed for Saturday, June 30th. It will be given probably in the hall of one of the Inns of Court.

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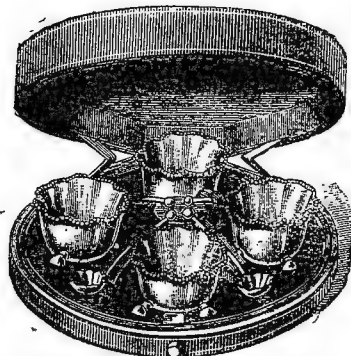
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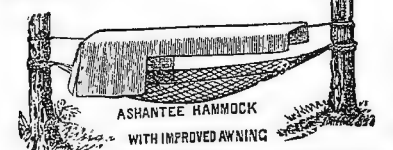
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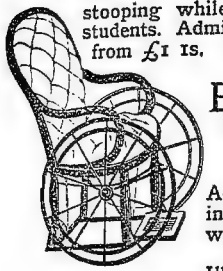
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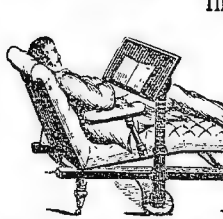


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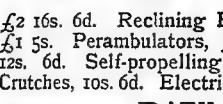
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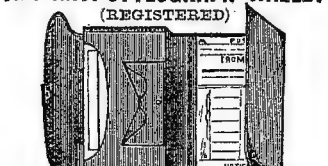
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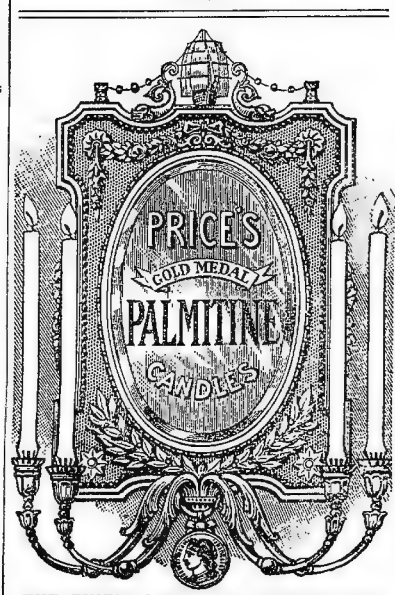
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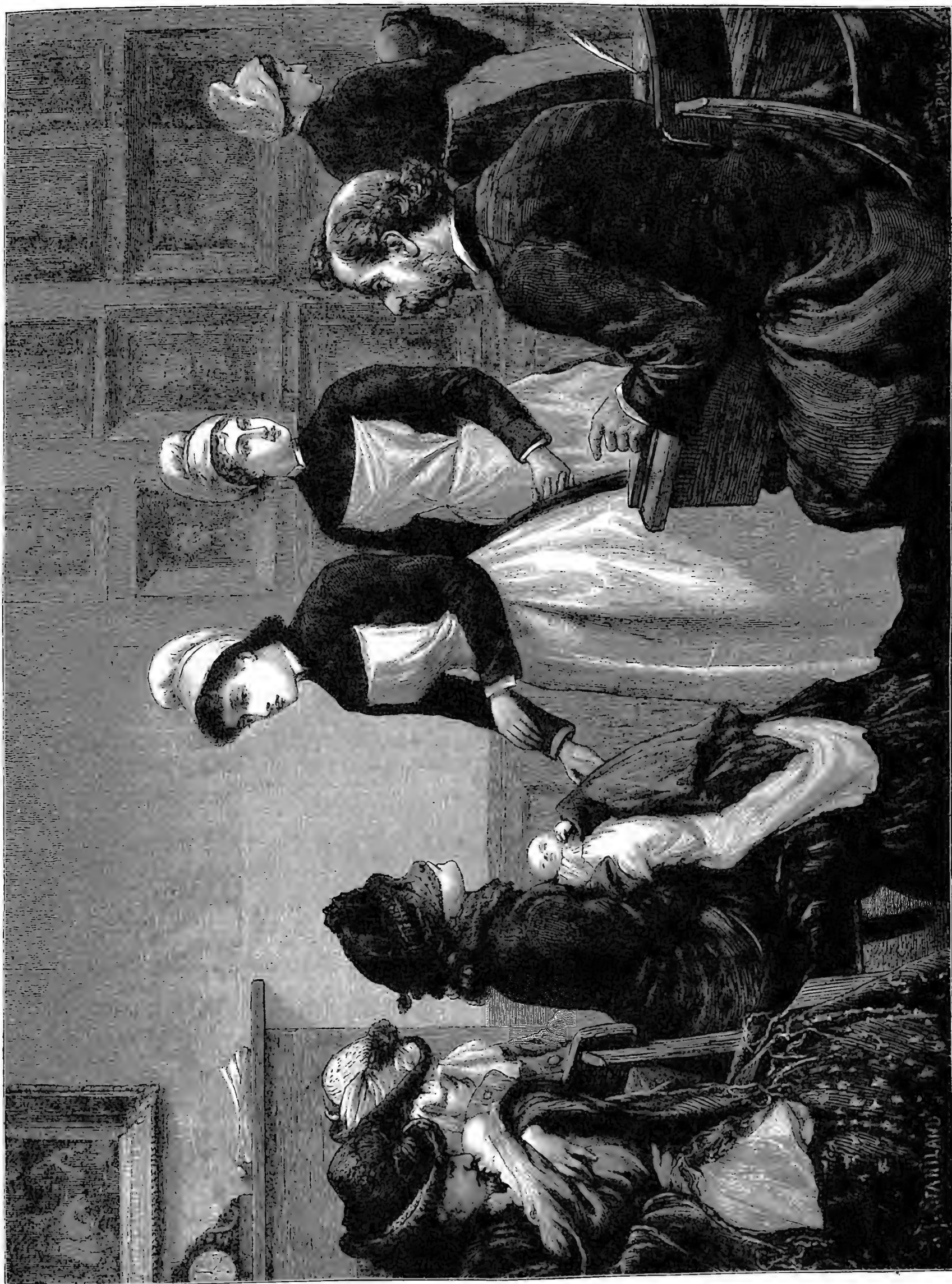
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RECEIVING DAY AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

## III.

AMONG the numerous pictures of Oriental life and manners that Mr. F. Goodall has exhibited here, we remember none conveying a stronger impression of reality than his "Coffee-Shop, Cairo" (322). The swarthy Arab playing on a strange instrument with two strings as he sits on an oven, and the four stolid Egyptians who are placidly smoking on a bench opposite, are true types of Eastern character. As regards composition and keeping, the picture leaves little to be desired, and it is more luminous in tone than most of the artist's works. Mr. J. E. Hodgson's "Egypt, 1882" (288), representing an English sentinel with fixed bayonet standing at a door in one of the ruined streets of Alexandria, while a group of excited natives with demonstrative gestures discuss the state of affairs, is full of animation, and true in local colour. Mr. W. C. Horsley has infused a great amount of expressive energy into the face and figure of the aged Turk, who, recounting his exploits to two of the ladies of his household, brandishes his sabre in perilous proximity to the laughing face of a Nubian slave girl, in his "Fighting His Battles O'er Again" (440). The colour is rather garish; but every part of the picture is painted with realistic force. Mr. F. A. Bridgman, an American artist, sends a characteristic and highly-finished work, showing the "Bey of Constantine Receiving Guests" (593) in the courtyard of a stately house, executed with extreme precision in the manner of his master Gérôme. M. Eugene Pavy has also found in Algeria a subject, which he has treated with great ability, in "The Marabout Lion" (82). The figure of the sacred lion is not very accurately designed; but the stalwart negro, who holds him back with a rope, and the Arabs, who look at him with mingled adoration and fear, are admirably portrayed.

The two half-length female figures that Mr. E. Long calls "Merab" (91) and "Michal" (97), are Oriental in nothing but their costume; but their heads bear great physical beauty, and, like their finely-formed limbs, are modelled with supreme care and skill. Mr. Long is seen, however, to greater advantage in the portrait of the veteran engraver, "Samuel Cousins, R.A." (470), and in the large full-length of "The Right Hon. the Baroness Burdett-Coutts" (667). These works want only more strength of style and solidity to be entirely satisfactory. Although a little weak in effect, and vaporous, the latter is an excellent example of refined female portraiture. It shows a clear and sympathetic perception of character, and is treated throughout with more than ordinary taste and skill. Among many portraits painted with his accustomed breadth and firmness, by Mr. Frank Holl, the half-lengths of "Lord Winmarleigh" (514) and "John Bright, Esq." (278) seem to us the best. We have seen nothing by him showing so keen an insight into individual character, and at the same time so artistic in arrangement, and so well balanced in light and shade. In Mr. Herkomer's portraits of "Hans Richter" (369) and "The Right Hon. Sir Richard Cross" (523) the heads are life-like and powerfully painted, but the other parts of the large canvases show signs of haste and carelessness. The half-length of "Bernard Samuelson, M.P." (759) is a better work than either of them, more restrained in style and more complete; but, as in all his recent life-sized works, the flesh tints are clay-like and opaque. Less immediately striking than these works is Mr. E. J. Gregory's full length of "Alfred Seymour, Esq." (788), but as a vividly truthful rendering of individual character it has not in recent times been surpassed. Unlike these artists, Mr. W. W. Ouless never attempts to animate his portraits by a temporary expression or a transitory gesture, but strives always to render the permanent aspect of his sitters. The half-length of "The Late Bishop of Llandaff" (280), and that of "The Master of Pembroke College, Oxford" (560) are capital examples of his sound and cultivated style. Besides the pictures already mentioned, Mr. Millais sends an admirable portrait of a lady of gracious beauty sitting in a simple attitude, with a bunch of flowers in her hand, called "Forget-me-Not" (323). Near is a full-length of "The Countess of Dalhousie" (308), by the popular French painter Carolus Duran,—like all his works, marvellously dexterous, but over-exuberant in style and rather garish in colour.

Continuing to illustrate the life of a soldier of the sixteenth century, Mr. J. D. Linton shows us this year an Oriental potentate humbly presenting the keys of his city to the victorious general. Every part of the picture is executed with extreme care, and the painter has evidently spared no pains to ensure accuracy in all the details of architecture and costume, but "The Surrender" (777), as it is entitled, is not the best work of the series to which it belongs. The design seems to want spontaneity, and some of the figures, though they serve their purpose in the scheme of composition, are deficient in vitality. In executive method, too, and in colour, it is rather inferior to "The Banquet" of last year. In a large picture which hangs as a companion to this, "Dieu le Veult" (678), Mr. James Archer has represented Peter the Hermit preaching the First Crusade to an excited assemblage of men, women, and children in the market place of an Italian town. The figures are for the most part well designed and firmly painted, but the composition is rather confused, and the prevailing colour hot and feverish. Together with some shortcomings and discrepancies, Mr. H. G. Glindoni's picture of "An Audience" (386) at St. James's Palace, in the first quarter of this century, displays a great amount of ability. In all technical qualities it is greatly in advance of his previous work. A more strict adherence to actual fact would, however, have added much to its value. Not very easily to be recognised in the picture are George III., Queen Charlotte, and other members of the Royal family, whose appearance Reynolds, Gainsborough, Beechey, and others have made so familiar to us.

It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Seymour Lucas referred to authentic portraits of the period for his five Lords of the Admiralty who are sitting round a table, on which is a large model of a ship, in his "A Whip for Van Tromp: The Admiralty, 1652" (653). One wears the Blue Ribbon of the Garter, and they all have long flowing wigs, and are attired in rich costumes that seem to belong to a rather later period. Some of them, too, have an air of courtly grace that we should scarcely expect to find in men entrusted by the Lord Protector with the Administration of the Navy. Whether or not the painter be right in these matters, there can be no question as to the very great artistic merit of his work. The heads have all the individuality of portraiture, and they are full of vitality. The composition and colour are good, and every part of the picture is executed in a good style, without obtrusive dexterity, but with obvious ease and wonderful precision. Mr. Seymour Lucas also sends a life-like little "Portrait of a Gentleman in Seventeenth-Century Costume" (570); and a very animated picture of two gentlemen of the last century seated in a tavern, "My Country Cousin" (629). The excitement and delight of the red-headed provincial contrasts strongly with the languid air of the *blasé* man of the world. Mr. Laslett J. Poit also illustrates the life and manners of the last century in a clever picture, called "The Ruling Passion" (1,450). It represents a cock-fight held in a drawing-room for the gratification of a gouty squire, with his leg enveloped in bandages. The excitement and savage delight with which this man watches the conflict, and the more modified pleasure of his guests, are depicted with great skill. The scene is full of animation, and all the appropriate accessories, as well as the figures, have evidently been carefully considered. In Mr. Claude Calthrop's "Returned" (833), the two ladies seated at a table, and the soldier seen at the end of a corridor, are quite subordinate to the place they inhabit. The spacious room—which exists at Ham House—with all characteristic adornments, is painted with great care and in a sound style;

but the chief merit of the work is its clear and rich illumination, the suffused light that pervades it. In "The Day of Reckoning" (524) Mr. S. E. Waller shows a squire of the end of the last century standing moodily on the steps of a manor house, with his hands in his pockets, while his young wife gives a handful of sugar to her favourite horse, which a groom is about to lead away to where a sale by auction is taking place in the back-ground. The incident is realised with much dramatic skill, the figures being natural and expressive. The horses, as well as human figures, are well drawn, and the workmanship is careful and competent. The subject might, however, have been quite as effectively treated on a much smaller scale. The most amusing picture in the exhibition, and one of the most humorous, is "The Jury, Pilgrim's Progress" (103), in which Mr. F. Barnard has realised with great expressive power, and a certain amount of exaggeration not inappropriate to the subject, Mr. High-Mind, Mr. Implacable, Mr. Live-Loose, and the rest of Bunyan's broadly-drawn types of human folly and wickedness. The gesture of the figure as well as the character of the head and its expression is in every case appropriate and significant. The handling is firm, and the brilliant colours of the costumes, which are those of Bunyan's own time, though rather glaring, are very skilfully arranged, with a view to the general effect.

## RECEIVING A CHILD AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

THE Foundling Hospital, situated in Guildford Street, was founded by Mr. Thomas Coram, a mercantile captain, who became interested in the fate of the numerous infants who a century and a-half since were so frequently to be seen exposed in the streets, where they were left to perish by their parents. After seventeen years of difficulties he obtained the grant of a charter from George II. October, 1739, giving him permission to erect a hospital for the support of deserted infants, and in October, 1740, there appeared a notice on the door of a house in Hatton Garden to the effect that twenty children under the age of two months would be received there, and that no question would be asked of any person so bringing an infant, on whose clothing some distinguishing mark, however, was to be affixed. At the hour named a crowd of women with their babies assembled outside the house; and the strongest elbowed her way to the door and deposited her child in Coram's safe keeping. This clamouring and fighting was subsequently avoided by the institution of the ballot, bags being provided with black, white, and red balls. Those women who drew black balls were pronounced unsuccessful, while those who were so fortunate as to secure the white were at once relieved of their children. As for those who drew red, they were permitted to draw again for any vacancies which might occur in the event of successful children being ineligible on the medical examination. Such was the origin of the Foundling Hospital. In 1745 the western wing of the present building was opened, and the house in Hatton Garden closed, the two other portions of the hospital being built soon after, and in 1747 the chapel was begun, a large light structure, with some stained glass windows, and with an altar-piece by Benjamin West, representing Christ blessing children. In this chapel Mr. Coram was buried in 1751. The organ was originally presented by Handel, and although it has been greatly enlarged and altered, there still remain some of the actual materials before which the great musician sat when he helped to fill the coffers of the hospital by the gratuitous performance of the *Messiah*. The funds of the Foundling are mainly derived from the rents of the houses surrounding it, and with which the hospital is endowed, thanks to the exertions of its benevolent founder. Something also is obtained from collections made in the chapel. In the last annual report for 1880-1, the income was stated to be 11,630*l.*, and the number of children maintained by the institution was 504. The placing of a child in the Foundling Hospital is not effected without trouble. Application must be made before the infant is a year old, and a printed form is then given to the mother to fill in, stating her name, age, occupation, inability to provide for her offspring, the father's name, and when deserted. After presenting this form a long time often elapses before the mother is summoned to appear before the members of the Committee. Then she is closely questioned as to her former life, her prospects should her child be received into the Hospital, and the names and addresses of ladies by whom she may have been employed. She next receives instructions to come again before the Committee in a fortnight, and during the interval careful inquiries are made as to the truth of her statements. Should they prove correct she is told to bring her infant on a certain date. On the day appointed (usually a Tuesday) the mother, with her child, presents herself at the Institution, and is ushered into the room shown in our sketch, where a fire blazes on the hearth, and before which a basket of infant's clothes is placed. The mothers (for three children are usually received at a time), assisted by a female attendant, undress their babes and wrap each one in a large grey woollen shawl; the doctor present examines them thoroughly, after which they are clothed in the garments provided, but instead of a dress a white nightgown is substituted, the shawl is once more placed round each child, and its name written on a slip of paper and pinned to it. The attendant now leaves the room, the doctor presses a bell, three Foundling girls enter, and almost before the mothers are aware, their babies are carried away, never to be known to them again, unless in time to come they can prove that they are in a position to benefit their children by taking them from the institution. The mother is given the clothes the child was brought in, together with a ticket bearing a number, the date, and the figure of a sheep holding a small branch in its mouth,

which it is afterwards known. During the first year of its existence the child is placed out to nurse in the country, under the supervision of paid inspectors, usually with some cottagers, who receive 3*s.* 6*d.* a week, and a bonus of 10*s.* 6*d.* at the end of the first year if the infant seems healthy. At the end of five years the child again returns to the hospital and begins its education, ending with apprenticeship to some trade, or with some situation in domestic service being found for it. The children appear at chapel twice on Sunday, and on that day dine in public; the nurseries may then also be visited by those wishing to do so. Personal inspection and inquiry as to the conduct of those who leave the hospital for the various occupations of life are kept up, and every year a meeting of the apprentices takes place, and gratuities are given to those who can show certificates of good conduct.




MR. GILMOUR is a man of sense. Missionary though he is, he is not afraid to confess that to put the Bible by itself into the hands of the heathen is a doubtful way of enlightening them. "Even the Mongol scholar, accustomed as he is to difficulties in his own sacred books, seldom succeeds in extracting much meaning from St. Matthew." Yet in another chapter he gives us a very touching picture of a Lama sitting up all night and reading by the *argol* fire the Gospel of St. John, of which Mr. Gilmour had gone through a chapter or two with him. We don't know whether, by the way, we ought not to advise Mr. Gilmour to stay at Peking. From the list he gives of hard questions, as to the origin of evil, as to how he would explain animal suffering otherwise than by transmigration, &c., put to him by the Mongols, we fear he is rapidly drifting into the state of mind in which Bishop Colenso surrendered the Ark to that uncompromising Zulu; though at present he is able to stifle objections with the convenient though somewhat professional remark that Buddhism ministers to human pride, fails to produce holiness, and "is a usurper"! We wish he had thrown some light on the question of how Buddhism got those points in which it is so startlingly like Christianity; are they self-evolved or due to Nestorian or other teachers? Even such a phrase as "crucifying the Son of God afresh" has its counterpart in "drawing blood from Buddha's body." We have dwelt somewhat at length on "Among the Mongols" (Religious Tract Society) because it is delightful reading, the sort of book children love to get hold of, and full of information about the habits of a people who are far better than their soil or climate. Mr. Gilmour's *forte* is not "eerie" description, though he does try to tell us about the mirages in the desert of Gobi. He is more at home in describing a marriage, with its sham battle; and the hospitality of the tent, where you are sure to find a swallow's nest on a board specially hung up for the birds' behoof. The Mongol holds altogether with the Ancient Mariner as regards love to living things; indeed he even carries his love to surprising lengths. One old Lama, whose bald head had suffered fearfully from mosquitoes the day before, was quite sorrow-stricken when he found the poor creatures paralysed by a night-frost.

Any one who is afraid of comets should read Mr. R. A. Proctor's "Mysteries of Time and Space" (Chatto and Windus). No less than five of his chapters are devoted to a subject to which human credulity has given practical importance; for not only are comets still, in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, dreaded by many sober English people, but in France, just fifty years ago, tickets for Paradise, supposed to have been issued by the clergy, were bought up almost as eagerly as they had been when Voltaire laughed at the comet-scare a hundred years before. Very consoling, too, to those whom Professor Clifford's prophecies about the sun growing cold and dead may have dispirited, is Mr. Proctor's view of "the sun as a perpetual machine," conserving its energy undiminished. Every one knows Mr. Proctor's style; and for most people his way of popularising abstruse subjects and lifting the veil from astronomical mysteries is singularly attractive. The mysteries of time and space have certainly grown with the growth of men's knowledge.

It is faint praise to call a book as good as a novel. Of "James Nasmyth, Engineer: an Autobiography" (Murray), we would rather say that it is more interesting than the story of one of the heroes of romance. This is not our opinion of all the books that Mr. Smiles has edited; but here the editor has the great advantage of personal reminiscence of the fullest kind, and he has wisely left the fulness untrimmed in all its quaint details. The story does not confine itself to the inventor of the steam hammer. Mr. Nasmyth believes in heredity; and, beginning with that partisan of James III. on whom the Douglas faction rushed with the cry "Ye're nae Smith," he follows their fortunes right on, not forgetting Elspeth, who was burnt as a witch because she had four cats, and read the Bible through two pairs of glasses, and that other ancestor who used to pray nightly for all his enemies, "except John Anderson of the Toonhead, for he killed my cat, and him I'll ne'er forgive." The book does much more than it promises; for, besides telling the great engineer's story—how when a lad he turned his bedroom-grate into a furnace for brass castings; how he longed to get into Maudsley's Works, and gained his point; how he walked three weeks through the best part of the English Midlands, at a cost of 7*s.*; how the need of mending a stove on Sunday suggested the idea of riveting by pressure; how, in fact, his resourcefulness came out wherever anything was to be invented or improved—it gives a very good life of his father, Alexander, and of his brother Patrick, both good artists. Indeed, of James we may say that, had he not been an engineer, he would certainly have shone as a landscape painter. The book shows the value of drawing to the skilled mechanic. Of course, every one recognises this now; but, when the elder Nasmyth started his drawing classes in Edinburgh, the thing was a novelty; just as the cooking stove, which James, when working for small wage at Maudsley's, invented to save dinner expenses, was invented at a time when kitcheners and such like were unknown. Readiness of resource, and that good-humoured thrift which so many notable Scots have shown, come strongly out in James Nasmyth's character, and both are hereditary. His father's life contains an amusing instance of both combined. He was going to take his sweetheart to Ranelagh, and had washed at his lodgings his only pair of silk stockings. Alas! they got scorched in drying. Nothing daunted, the young artist painted his bare legs to imitate the fashionable wear, and was complimented on all sides on the excellence of the fit. Were we not right in calling the book as good as a romance?

Of all modern English artists John Leech was, perhaps, the most thoroughly, and it may be said the most deservedly, popular. For more than twenty years his drawings were the chief attraction of *Punch*, and these drawings, in their collective form, still continue to be one of the most welcome ornaments of many a drawing-room table. His original sketches are rarely to be met with, having long since been eagerly snapped up by connoisseurs. It is remarkable, considering these facts, that since the obituary notices of the genial artist which appeared at the time of his death, in 1864, no more comprehensive biography has since been made. The deficiency has at last been supplied by Mr. F. G. Kitton, who is already favourably known by his capital little record of the life and works of Hablot K. Browne. Mr. Kitton's "John Leech, Artist and Humourist" (George Redway, 12, York Street, Covent Garden), seems to us the



HOSPITAL for the Maintenance  
and Education of Exposed and  
Deserted Young Children.

The Day of

RECEIVED a Child NO.

*H. S. Wintle*

Secretary.

NOTE.—Let this be carefully kept, that it may be produced whenever an enquiry is made after the health of the Child (which may be done on Mondays, between the hours of Ten and Four), and also in case the Child should be claimed.

and, by presenting this ticket at the office any Monday, she can learn particulars concerning the health of her infant. Unless it has previously been christened, the child is brought into the chapel the following Sunday for that purpose, when it receives a new name by



very model of what such a memoir should be. Its only fault—perhaps a good fault in these days of copious book manufacture—lies in its exceeding conciseness, but within the brief space of some fifty pages Mr. Kitton contrives to tell the public exactly what they would like to know about a man to whom they were indebted for more hearty, innocent fun, totally untainted with bitterness, than to any other draughtsman of this century. The little book, which appears in modest pamphlet form, contains several specimens of the artist's drawings, letters hitherto unpublished, &c., and should be eagerly welcomed by all those persons to whom John Leech's name was for many years a familiar household word.

Mr. M. D. Chalmers, in "Local Government" (Macmillan), strikes a new vein. The volumes of this very useful "Citizen" series have hitherto been marked by an almost awful solemnity. He relieves the dullness which he deplores in his preface as inseparable from the statutory enactments on Local Government. The anomalies, too, are as amusing as they are numerous. Fancy that parish which consists of a single ratepayer, who, of course, votes by show of hands, and is his own sanitary authority and his own burial board. That other parish, where they pay out of the rates for killing foxes, shows how abuses live on in spite of district auditors. Mr. Chalmers will startle many Churchmen by his account of the comparatively modern origin of the parish. He will astonish the general reader by his boundless faith in the Local Government Board.

"Trigonometry" (Dublin: Hodges and Co; London: Longmans) gives in a wonderfully compact form all the essentials of the subject. The book is very small indeed, and is a perfect model of arrangement, the necessary proofs being given with great fulness. The only thing we take exception to is the preface. Mr. Griffin quaintly says: "These remarks" (on the want of system in former books) "are made not with a design to criticise the works of others, but as an indirect apology for the production of the present treatise." Why apologise at all? Twenty-five years' experience with pupils has taught Mr. Griffin just what is wanted; and it was surely foolish to say: "I don't in the least find fault with your book; but I know that mine is a great deal better."

A great deal of Mr. Louis King's "Principles of Health in Childhood, Manhood, and Old Age" (London: Hamilton, Adams; Bath: Lewis) may be found in other treatises; but we know none in which what to eat, drink, and avoid, and how generally to behave oneself so as to secure health, is so well and tersely set forth. Mr. King is very strong on the evil of flying to stimulants to keep up brain power; it is an unmixed evil. The connection between alcohol and insanity is proved by many facts besides the notorious one that in Norway, when the spirit duty was taken off, insanity increased fifty per cent. Constant "nips" are more harmful than an occasional orgie. On tobacco Mr. King's verdict is milder: he thinks it is often very good both for asthma and for nerve-irritation. It is very bad for the young and undeveloped, and excess in its use causes paralysis of the optic nerve. "A significant fact is that workers in tobacco factories have very small families."

In "Azabar" (Bentley), Miss Hope Edwardes gives us extracts from her Spanish journal in 1881-2. Her speciality (to use an unpleasant word) is ample details about religious functions. She was at Seville during Holy Week, but missed the Murillo bicentenary, which was to be kept in the month of May instead of on the date of his death in April. At Valencia she was able, through an intermediary named Tonic, to buy bargains of old Spanish lace and jewellery, Spanish ladies going in for Parisian bonnets, and therefore wanting to sell their mantillas. The party, sister and brother, with an English maid, were seeking a health-resort for the brother; and, therefore, Miss Edwardes' notes about the relative comfort of Spanish towns are valuable to those in like case. In the backwardness of the country she found an additional charm, and she had the good sense (rare among British travellers) to respect that sensitiveness to their little shortcomings which makes the Spaniards shrink from foreigners.

## FOREIGN MODES OF FISHING

WITH so wide a subject, what would not Izaak Walton, that goodly fisher and deep lover of the Dove, have written on the above subject with the whole world before him? We must be terse and to the point in this instance. No yarns of well-authenticated experience, not even the bare facts and interesting things seen by ourselves; but while we look at these foreign memos, our minds must revert to the early days of the simple gudgeon, extracted with bent pin and worm, a cotton line, and a wooden match for a float—good sport for the simple angler, who may in this way get a dish of forty for a lunch.

No. 1. The centre illustration, "Fishing Boat, Off the Mouth of the Tagus," represents a "muleta," with balance sails for trawling. Very few of them now remain, with their peculiar bow. The large iron nails are very curious; originally they had their particular mission—we could not, however, learn what that mission was. The craft itself is remarkable, and well worth recording. In the distance is the lighthouse at the entrance of the River Tagus.

No. 2. "Norway."—A salmon stage. The fisher sits up at the end of the stage, which is called a "tine," or box, a very familiar Norse name, as Norwegians always have a box, or tine, with them to carry butter and flad-brod. From this point, well up, the fisher sees when fish are within his limit, and hauls in his nets. When the salmon return to their river they are sometimes deluded into the nets by whitening the face of the rock, to give the idea of a "foss" or waterfall.

No. 3. "Norway."—At the mouth of the Fjord a man is stationed to blow a horn as soon as the herrings arrive. Some horns made of birch bark still remain.

No. 4. "The Lofoden Islands" supply incredible quantities of codfish for the South, and the class of vessel generally used is here shown, with its high-pooped stern and rampant bow or beak; one mast, and one large square sail, which does not reef, but has "bonnets," or pieces laced on; and these are the old slow-sailing "jægt" which bring down fish from Lofoden Islands to Bergen, the great fish centre. At Aalesund they think nothing of taking five million of "torsk," which, in their salted state, are known as stock-fish, or dried cod.

No. 5. "Chile."—There are still some of these curious skin pontoon craft on the coast. This one was at Coquimbo Bay, and called a "bolsa," of course on a sandy beach. It is composed of seal-skins, and the lacing together with fish-bone skewers is a beautiful specimen of exquisitely finished work, which dies out before civilisation.

No. 6. "Fish-hooks, Fiji," and general in South Sea Islands, made of mother of pearl, beautifully lashed on with sennet work.

No. 7. "Fiji canoes," with mat sails. These fishing craft go out to shellfish-pots, and as they approach a native dives overboard and comes up pot in hand. Empties it, and over again. These canoes never go about. The mast moves, and the sail of fine matting is reversed. They all have outriggers of light wood, and are almost double.

No. 8. "Callorynchus Australis; or, King of the Herrings."—This was caught in Guelpho Nuevo, Patagonia, lat. 45° S. The Hoe snout is a remarkable thing in noses, and is not found in herring royalties north of the Equator. The whole thing is a monstrosity.

No. 9. "Tahiti."—Much torch-fishing is done here; the torch is made of cocoa-nut leaves bound up, and the spear used is a bundle

of barbed points. On a fine night we had delighted trips rowing out among them. The "Karnaks" are always cheery and amiable. Good sport or none. The fish market is well worth visiting. The Octopus plentiful and cheap and edible.

No. 10. "Levuka, Fiji."—Here we have the stake "Corale" fishing carried out on a large scale, and very successfully, as the Barrier reefs favour the operation.

No. 11. "Japan," whale-boats.—A naval officer had described these craft for fishing for whales, with nets of one-foot mesh, and cordage of immense strength. His description was received *cum grano*. In due time we saw it with our own eyes, and respected gratefully the accurate description which had been given of these boats. They are highly ornamented, splendidly handled; for they manage to roll the whale up, tail and fins, until they drown him. The fishing boat at clank shows how they take out alternate cloths instead of reefing down.

No. 12. "Bahia catamarans."—This is truly a primitive system, with the water gourds lashed to the seats, for the deck is always awash, and yet they crack on in fair weather with a huge cotton sail.

No. 13. "Honolulu hook."—This is full size and made of tortoiseshell; the curve of the barb is rather puzzling.

No. 14. "Marquesas Islands."—At the first glance, the most intelligent readers might wonder what a double idol could have to do with Foreign Fishery. Still, in the Marquesas they are very important; at least, the natives think so, for when they start for the turtle they take their Turtle God with them. Should the fishing be successful all is well, and the god on his return has food put for him, and honour done him, but woe betide the unfortunate idol if the fishing be fruitless; on the return they stick him up, and stone him till he is knuckled to pieces. Absurd to relate, they set to work to make another!

No. 15. "Holland."—The same old Dutch pattern of herring-boat that existed in the seventeenth century is still seen at Scheveningen, 40 ft. length, 20 ft. beam, 12 ft. deep. They fish in the North Sea, and come go to Lerwick in Shetland. With their mainsail triced up they come right on to the sand, and when the tide ebbs they haul them on the beach. The fish-smoking here is well worth seeing. All these craft retain the gay colouring of olden days, and some of the devices are very curious and most characteristic.

No. 16. "Black Sea."—Wooden Fishing Station. This particular station is at the entrance of the Bosphorus, and on a large scale somewhat akin to the smaller "tine" of Norway.

No. 17. "China."—The dip square net is used generally, and in the Canton River and above the Bogue Forts off Pottinger Island the stake system is carried out on a large scale.

No. 18. "Tahiti."—These outrigger boats are used to go out to fish with lines. They carry a large cotton spritsail, with a very long jigger out at the stern. To sail quietly by a coral reef, and look down into the coral gardens of the South Pacific with its bright-coloured fish and varied sea anemones, is something to look forward to—something never to be forgotten.

ROBERT TAYLOR PRITCHETT



"PRO PATRIÂ: the Autobiography of an Irish Conspirator," by William Mackay (2 vols.: Remington and Co.), is no doubt from an Irish pen. But it is very far from Mr. Mackay's purpose to excite sympathy with his hero or admiration for his hero's cause. With something of the irony that received its sharpest edge in Thackeray's "Fatal Boots," he makes Ptolemy Daley describe, with half-simple, half-cunning self-admiration, the career of a professional patriot, who is at once dupe and knave, charlatan and fool. He chronicles his own follies and meannesses, his own vulgar impudence and crowning treachery, as if he were throughout a misunderstood hero and martyr, and all this in a vein of genuine humour which was once upon a time, presumably not altogether without reason, supposed to distinguish the Irish character. One reason for assuming the author's nationality is that no benighted Saxon would dream of using such uniform blackness of colour, even in jest, when painting the portraits of possible Irishmen. Mr. Mackay's comic disguise does not succeed in disguising the most intense contempt for whatever has been called "the Cause," and for all who have taken part in it; and we think that his work would have been all the more effective if he had here and there betrayed a suspicion that patriotism, in the Irish sense, has now and then proved compatible with generous impulses and common honesty. The cleverness of the book is unquestionable, and it would be as amusing as it is clever were it not for the contrast of its humour with the grim reality of the topics at the expense of which its humour is displayed. Mr. Mackay revels in ridicule, and uses his gifts in that direction without any sort of compunction. Thackeray has evidently been his inspiring genius in many respects, but certainly not in the matter of kindlier touches, for of these "Pro Patriâ" contains none whatever. The ridicule is, however, of the strong sort that often proves really effectual, and do some service by setting in a comic, or even burlesque light, the elements of possible, and, indeed, of actual tragedy.

Mr. Joseph Hatton cannot have taken any great amount of trouble over "A Modern Ulysses; Being the Life, Loves, Adventures, and Strange Experiences of Horace Durand" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall). This also is an imaginary autobiography, to which some attempt—though not much—has been made to give an air of realism. The great event of the hero's life, or, rather, of the portion of it before his marriage, is his captivity among a nation of Cannibal Islanders subject to the sovereignty of another nation whose king was a shipwrecked Irishman. There is nothing either interesting, or exciting, or amusing, about the Bulonagan Islanders, and their peculiar customs are, if entirely evolved from Mr. Hatton's own fancy, not worth invention; if not, he has made an exceedingly dull selection. Further adventures in the Pacific read like the memoranda of rather aimless readings of books of travel, and are entirely wanting in the presence of living men and women. However, all these things are but padding; the main interest, such as it is, of the autobiography depends upon the hero's two love stories, and upon the doings of his relations and friends. Why he should be called a modern Ulysses we know not, except that he travelled a good deal, and came safely home again. To feel any sort of sympathy with him is out of the question. He is supposed to be as modest as he is brave and generous; but he does nothing but brag from beginning to end; and, were his autobiography other than fictitious, would be set down as a hopeless combination of prig and bore—singularly foolish and absurdly vain. His pictures of English society are even more unreal than those of the Bulonagan Islanders and Kututu, and his contempt for accuracy so great that he even makes evidence of previous conviction before the delivery of a verdict a leading feature in an Old Bailey trial. An occasional study of the newspapers would, we should have thought, have saved the most random of novelists from blunders of this order. On the whole, "A Modern Ulysses" cannot be classed as better than book-making, by no means well done.

"Monteriffe's Second Wife: a Novel," by "Lolo" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), will pass among the host of examples of every-day fiction of average merit. There is very little to be said of it one way or the other. As is usual in such cases, the story, though not in the

least worth telling, is fairly well told. There is one rather singular episode, where a jealous housekeeper tries to frighten the heroine to death by pretending to be a ghost, and it is possible that for the sake of this anecdote the novel may have been written. Of course, there is always a certain amount of skill in constructing a novel in three volumes out of materials insufficient for one.

The peculiarity of another anonymous novel, "The New Mistress" (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers), is the exceptional number of the heroine's conquests. The clergyman of the parish, the lord of the manor, the schoolmaster, and, neither last nor least, a self-made butcher, all go over before that fascinating National schoolmistress. Under the circumstances, it is not wonderful that she inspired her own sex in general with jealousy. On the whole, we should decidedly have given her to the butcher, who is altogether a sympathetic and amusing person, and the authoress appears to be of the same opinion. But Hazel does not discover her affection for him until she is lying on a most unnecessary death-bed, in the course of a chapter entitled "Breach of Promise of Marriage." The promise was broken by death, and why she died we cannot guess or understand. Some penalty is due to a novelist who kills a hero or heroine without cause. Tragedy is the only excuse for such a proceeding, and real tragedy is never without inevitable cause, which relieves the author of his responsibility. "The New Mistress" is more than sufficiently purposeless and trivial—unless, indeed, its moral be that a girl who breathes an atmosphere of conquest had better die in the midst of her triumphs, and not fall into the condition of marriage with which it has become the fashion of modern romances to begin.

The inflow of new novels is at present so enormous that we cannot afford space to review them all. We must be content therefore merely with the acknowledgment of the following:—"Ebb and Flow," by Grant Lloyd (2 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.); "In a Vain Shadow," by Evangeline F. Smith (3 vols.: Remington and Co.); "Angus Graeme, Gamekeeper," by the Author of "A Lonely Life" (2 vols.: Alexander Gardner); "Anchor-Watch Yarns," by Edmund Downey (2 vols.: Tinsley Bros.); "The Bartolfs of Cherryton," by Arthur Kean (2 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.); "Miss Standish," by A. E. N. Bewicke (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.); "Pretty Miss Neville," by B. M. Croker (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.); "Frank Ayrton," by Mrs. J. M. M. Hewett (1 vol.: F. V. White and Co.); "The Professor and His Daughters," by J. Meredith Thomas (3 vols.: Remington and Co.); "A Woman's Glory," by Sarah Doudney (3 vols.: Bentley and Co.); "The Little Princess," by E. Marlitt, translated from the German by Blanche E. Slade (2 vols.: Remington and Co.); "Kate," by "Asmodeus" (3 vols.: City of London Publishing Co., Limited); "The Signora," by Captain E. D. Lyon (3 vols.: Remington and Co.); "Love and Its Counterfeit," by Alice Bernard (F. V. White and Co.).



J. BATH.—Messrs. H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Odoardo Barri have written and composed two songs out of the common groove; the one is a really beautiful composition, "Far O'er the Jasper Sea," with a flute, violin, or violoncello accompaniment *ad lib.*; it is published in three keys, and will surely prove a great success at any good ballad concert. The other is a nervous and spirited song for tenor, baritone, or bass, also published in three keys, entitled "No Surrender." It has already made its mark, and is likely to be a standard favourite.—"Sing Again" is a useful song of medium compass, written and composed by Churchill Sibley, who has also supplied the music to the words, by B. Britten, of "The Bells of St. Paul's," a pleasing baritone song with a violin obbligato *ad lib.*—"The Golden Age," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Annie L. Pernet, is a sweet little melody in waltz time; a very singable song.—Very piquante are both words and music, by Herbert and Ethel Haraden, of "Marjory's Cuckoo," admirably suited for an encore at a musical reading.—Two thoroughly comic songs, with which the public are already familiar, at least those who go to hear Mr. Corney Grain in *Our Miss at St. George's Hall*, are "The Amateur Yachtsman," written by Arthur Law, music by Corney Grain, and "I'm a 'Chappie,'" words and music by Corney Grain; the fun of the former will last, that of the latter will soon pass away.—A very bright *morceau caractéristique* for the pianoforte is "Danse des Derviches," by Leonard Gautier, quite worthy of being learnt by heart.—The same may be said of two very pretty and not difficult pieces by Giacomo Ferraris, "Mélodie in C" and "Mazurka Mélodique."—"The Masquerade Polka," by John Harrison, has a very pretty tune, and a very gay frontispiece. We must not omit to mention that any of the above songs may be sung without fee or irksome restriction in public.

MESSRS. B. MILLS AND SONS.—"Dreams of Thee," words by Percy Bysshe Shelley, music by Mrs. Blanchard Jerrold. These words have often been set to music before, but never more successfully than here; a tenor with a sympathetic voice would create quite a furore if he sang this melodious song with due feeling.—A meet companion for the above is "La Vieille Histoire," written and composed by Mrs. B. Jerrold, but only in French without a translation; from the same versatile pen comes a pretty duet, "Tell Me," words by Sidney L. Blanchard.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—"By the Firelight," words and music by Mrs. Hume Webster, combines a simple flowing melody with pathetic words.—Three songs from the opera of *Esmeralda*, music by Goring Thomas, words by Theo. Marzials, are:—"The Swallow Song," "O Vision Entrancing," and "What Would I Do for My Queen?" The first-named is likely to be the favourite of the group if carefully studied and sung with taste.

MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—"Laus Deo" (a Song of Praise) is a grand and effective song, written and composed by Madame L. D. Ferri and Nicola Ferri, with either a pianoforte or organ accompaniment; it is published in three keys.—By the same composer and poetess is a lovely song, "Reliques" (M'Abbandono) with touching words in English and Italian; we prefer the latter, although both are good.—"The Arming of the Knight" is a bold and dashing song, written and composed by E. A. Vickers and Charles Marshall. If fairly well sung it cannot fail to bring the house down.

MESSRS. HOWARD AND CO.—Two songs, music by Godfrey Marks, are "When Stormy Winds Do Blow," for which he has supplied the words, a somewhat commonplace but pretty composition, and "England and Hibernia," words by C. J. Rowe, which contain some sound and wholesome advice for our brethren of the Sister Isle.—Most effective is "The Song of the Burgo-master," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Frederick Scarsbrook, which will be welcome after a dinner or supper party.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE SHOWN OFF BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT will soon be a familiar sight to tourists. As usual America took the lead by illuminating the Falls of Niagara, lately the Acropolis at Athens was similarly lighted during an Antiquarian Congress, the Falls of the Rhine followed next, and a special night service of steamers, fitted with the electric light, sailed from Schaffhausen to light up the banks of the river. Now there is a night service between Cannes and the Lerin Islands, the vessels being supplied with powerful lights, said to afford delightful views of the scenery.





"THE 'CZAR' COMES!"



## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

SOME time since a Committee was appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to inquire into the subject of explosions of gas in coal bunkers, and the importance of such an inquiry will be acknowledged when it is remembered that the initial flash which led to the *Doterel* disaster, was, in the opinion of the court-martial, due to an accumulation of coal gas. The Report of this Committee is now presented in the form of a Blue Book, from which we condense the following recommendations. In the first place, the Committee suggest that the ventilation of the coal bunkers in every ship should be separate and quite distinct from that used for other parts of the vessel, and that means should be provided for the ready ingress of fresh air, and for the egress of gas; and they further suggest a means for carrying out these conditions. A series of bunkers should, according to this plan, be connected with a common trunk passing along their tops, and this trunk should communicate with the funnel air-casing, the iron masts, or with some vertical shaft, so that a draught may be created to carry off the foul air. With such a system the Committee are of opinion that instruments for ascertaining the presence of gas in the coal receptacles would not be needed; but, should such an instrument become necessary, they recommend Liveing's indicator as the best for the purpose.

The direct application of steam for the extinction of fires has very often been proposed and written about, but, as far as we know, the system has, in this country at least, never been put to anything beyond experimental proof. In Berlin lately it has shown its value by extinguishing at its commencement what would probably have been a large conflagration, and this, too, was accomplished automatically. The scene of this arrested disaster is a steel-pen manufactory, where also are made myriads of wooden penholders. In the drying-rooms for these last the owner, in consequence of their inflammable nature, had taken certain precautions. Into each room a small steam-pipe is carried from the main boiler of the establishment. At the termination of each of these is fixed a metal cap, made of an easily-fusible alloy, which will quickly melt if exposed to the heat of a fire. The first intimation which occurred the other day of such a fire having broken out was the loud hissing of the escaping steam from one of these pipes, with the result that the half-burned penholders, walls, ceiling, and every combustible thing in the place were found saturated with condensed steam, and therefore rendered perfectly unflammable. The system seems so simple, and capable of such cheap application where steam boilers are already established, that it is likely to be extensively adopted when its advantages are fully known.

In a paper read by Mr. Bower the other day before the Society of Engineers on the Bower-Barff process of preserving iron and steel surfaces and ornamenting the same, a very curious and simple method of giving one metal a coating of another one was detailed. Our readers are probably aware that the Bower-Barff process consists in giving to a metallic surface liable to rust a coating of magnetic oxide which protects it. It would seem that this coating has a very peculiar property, for if a metallic brush is applied to it, it becomes covered very quickly with a brilliant surface composed of the metal of which the brush wires are made. This result is attributed to the fact that magnetic oxide is to some extent gritty and porous, and, therefore, by attrition robs the brush of some of its substance. Mr. Bower thinks that this discovery may be taken advantage of in the ornamentation of many cheap kinds of Birmingham ware upon which the deposition of metals is now accomplished by far more complex processes.

The problem of ascertaining the laws which govern the varying direction and velocity of currents of air at different altitudes has been attacked in a somewhat new manner by the Balloon Society of London. They have caused a number of small balloons to be sent up, each bearing a self-registering instrument for noting the altitude reached, and another to note the velocity attained. To each balloon was attached a postcard, with an address in German, French, and English, with a request that the finder of the machine would forward it without delay, with a note as to the time and place where found. The Society hopes by such means "to be able to establish in course of time fixed direction and velocity of currents in the different strata at certain times of the year."

We do not know to what purpose the Balloon Society intend to devote their knowledge when ascertained, but if they have any lingering idea that the balloon will ever contribute more towards the solution of the problem of flying than it has hitherto done, they will be assuredly disappointed. Our French neighbours are about to celebrate the centenary of the first balloon—that of the "Montgolfier"—and probably few persons will trouble their heads as to how far the machine has been improved upon during this past hundred years. They may certainly point with some pride to that most perfect balloon of M. Giffard which was such a well-known object in Paris during the Exhibition year, 1878. The perfection of the details of its manufacture, as well as of the finished machine, were most remarkable. But its projector never attempted to submit it to the handling of various currents in the atmosphere. He was wise enough to keep it fastened to Mother Earth by a very thick rope. In short he was too clever not to know that, in spite of the perfection of his creation, it would be, if let loose, as uncontrollable as its ancestor of a century ago.

The British M&Karski Air Engine Company have this month successfully demonstrated the applicability of their system to the propulsion of street trams. For the past four years the tramway traffic at Nantes in France has been worked by the same description of engine, and in other fields of labour the engine, as a hauler for instance, is not unknown in this country, but we have here its first application to our street cars. The car which was recently tried on the line running between Holloway and King's Cross is of the ordinary description, but two of its wheels are as driving wheels connected with 10-inch stroke cylinders of 5½-inch diameter, and are driven by compressed air at a working pressure which varies between 120 lb. and 50 lb. per square inch. Under the body of the car is a reservoir of compressed air. This air, before being led to the cylinders for use, is passed through a hot chamber, where its bulk is, of course, greatly increased. The boiling water with which this chamber is stored is placed within it at headquarters before the car starts on its journey. At the same place, too, are powerful engines, by which air is compressed ready for charging the engine. The experimental car thus mounted runs smoothly and without noise, and the trial was in every way successful. It is the intention of the tramway company to transform all the cars to the same pattern, and so in time to supersede horse traction.

Many years ago Baron Reichenbach published some researches by which he endeavoured to show that the poles of an electro-magnet were, when duly connected with a battery, surrounded by a strange luminosity. His experiments were not accepted by the scientific world, more especially, perhaps, because he declared that this phenomenon was not appreciable by all, but only by a certain class of persons whom he named "sensitives." Professor Barrett, of Dublin, has, at the instance of the Society of Psychical Research, been lately repeating these experiments with results which go far to show that there is truth in Reichenbach's statements. Although Professor Barrett himself could see no luminosity, he has no doubt that others did so, for they led him direct to the magnet in a perfectly dark room. Moreover, the means of making and breaking contact with the battery were in a separate apartment, and every time this was done his companions noted the appearance or disappearance, as the case might be, of the strange light. It seems, too,

that, as Reichenbach stated, only certain persons are sensitive to the phenomena, for besides Professor Barrett himself, the appearances were imperceptible to three others who were present.

T. C. H.

## LIFE AT THE CURRAGH CAMP

DURING the summer months it is rather pleasant than otherwise to be stationed at the camp on the well-known Curragh of Kildare. There is plenty to do during the hours that can be devoted to recreation. As the Curragh itself is such an unrivalled place for a gallop that those who have horses, and care about riding, do not lose many opportunities of taking horse exercise. It "goes without saying" that lawn tennis has taken its place as one of the regular out-door amusements of the Camp; but perhaps the best way to give a good idea of the way in which the officers and their wives and daughters (and their sisters, and their aunts, and their cousins when they come to visit them) manage to kill time in such an out-of-the-way spot, will be to jot down some of the rules and particulars of the "Officers' Recreation Club" for the Camp and Newbridge. Newbridge is not left out in the cold, although it is three miles from the flagstaff. I may state, *en passant*, that the salubrious town of Newbridge is chiefly remarkable for the fact that there is a cavalry barracks there. The officers are admitted to the club at the Camp on payment of "half the sum allotted to all classes except II." The several amusements are arranged in different classes, and, according to Rule I., "Members are charged according to the class to which they elect to belong;" and no one is allowed to join for less than one month.

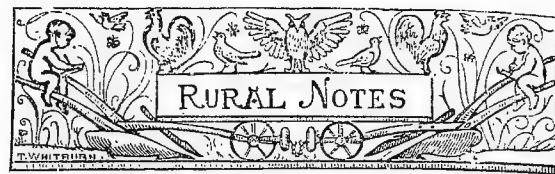
Class I. includes Reading Room, Library, and (as the authorised copy of the rules adds) "daily telegrams." As these are put up on a board in the Reading Room, it is not quite clear why they are specially mentioned, as though they had a hut all to themselves. Still, Class I. includes "Daily Telegrams," the Billiard Room, Lawn Tennis, Skating in Gymnasium, Football, Athletics, War Games, and Polo. For this goodly list members pay three shillings per month; but family tickets can be had for five shillings, and subscribers are entitled to witness—not join in—games in Class II.—Racquets, and Class III.—Cricket. The racquet players pay half-a-crown per month each, but the arrangements for cricket are somewhat different. Each regiment subscribes 1/4 10s., and members whose regiments are not in camp pay two-and-sixpence. The mental pabulum, besides papers and magazines, consists of four hundred volumes belonging to Morrow's Circulating Library in Dublin. As these are exchanged monthly, many an insatiable novel reader may envy the dwellers at the Camp for having such good opportunities of getting the popular works of the day. There is plenty of time for reading during the long winter evenings, as there are no theatres or concert halls any nearer than Dublin. But there is a very good stage for dramatic entertainments in the Gymnasium. This building serves also as a ball-room, for dancing is very popular at the Camp. Every Friday afternoon, during the winter months, the members of the club, and often their friends from the neighbourhood, meet for tea, conversation, and dancing. One of the regimental bands attends at four o'clock for a couple of hours; part of the large building in front of the stage is enclosed by canvas curtains, and within this space there is plenty of room for the dancers, and those who prefer to sit and look at them. The carpets and easy chairs are always supplied for the occasion by the Camp "pantechnicon" man who furnishes the huts, and is the Curragh "Whiteley" generally. Then on the last Friday of each of the dancing months there is, as a rule, an evening dance commencing at ten o'clock. The expenses of these entertainments are divided among those who attend only, and do not fall on the club funds. When a regiment good at private theatricals is in camp, the monotony of life at the Curragh is very pleasantly varied, and there is seldom any lack of histrionic talent among both officers and men. The most usual form of entertainment is that which is popularly known as the "Penny Reading," being a mixture of songs, readings, &c. These are often very good, and much appreciated by the Camp audiences. The Gymnasium is certainly a great addition to the Camp, which does not possess many remarkable buildings. The clock tower and little Wesleyan chapel are fair specimens of architecture, but the churches for the Anglicans and Romanists, built on the simple and unpretending lines of the common or farmyard barn, are huge buildings of such superlative ugliness that it is doubtful if Ruskin would survive the shock of seeing them. The Engineers are better at earthworks than churches.

The huts are queer little buildings for people to settle down in who have been accustomed to large houses. There is no going upstairs, as they are built bungalow fashion. In summer this is all very well; but in winter, when the keen winds are blowing, as they can blow at the Curragh, the ingenuity of the inmates is sorely taxed to keep them out; for a hut, in its brand-new condition, has a large and varied assortment of cracks for ventilation. Still, it is possible to make a hut very comfortable, and to furnish it in such a way as to satisfy the most fastidious aesthete. On the curtains which must hang before the door there is room for a grand display of sunflower work; and some ladies amuse themselves by making their own curtains by covering a soldier's blanket with wool-work of many colours and patterns. The Curragh "Whiteley," already mentioned, undertakes to furnish a hut in any style, at so much per month, with every requisite, from a bedstead to a teaspoon. For a temporary stay this is a very convenient arrangement; but those who have staff appointments, or are likely to remain in camp some time, as a rule furnish their own huts. The kitchen and servants' quarters are not always in the same hut as the other rooms, so it is no uncommon thing to see the family meals being carried across from the kitchen hut to the dining room. Certain vendors of poultry, vegetables, and eggs have passes which permit them to enter the camp and dispose of their provisions from hut to hut; but, of course, the camp has its own market-place, butcher, baker, and general dealer. There is also a resident photographer; and Messrs. Smith, of the Strand, have a bookstall hut, in which there is a perfect *omnium gatherum* of novels, papers, stationery, sticks, soaps, pipes, and tobacco. The officers' children have a school in camp, and the fees, paid monthly, depend on the rank of the father, and range from 15s. for a field officer to 10s. for a subaltern. For children under eight years of age the fees are somewhat lower. In these days of overworking children, it may be added that their hours are from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. only, a very sensible arrangement. On Tuesdays and Fridays the children have calisthenics at the gymnasium, from twelve to one. Altogether, the Curragh is not a bad place for children.

There is no lack of music in the camp, as the band on duty for the week plays three times a day, unless the weather is bad. At reveille, retreat, and tattoo, the band marches down the chief road through the camp, resting for a few moments about half-way in the F lines. At retreat (4 P.M.) and tattoo (9.30) the effect is very pleasing; but the early morning music is not so much appreciated by those who are not bound to be up at reveille.

In the present state of Ireland it is hardly necessary to say that the camp is well guarded by sentries, and no one after dark can come near the lines, or stir many yards within them, without hearing the cry, "Halt! who goes there?" If the answer does not come sharp and decisive, "Friend," or if there is any suspicion, the sentry is bound to satisfy himself that all is right before he allows any one he challenges to pass with the usual formula, "Pass, friend; all's well."

W. S. R.



AGRICULTURAL SHOWS are coming increasingly to rely upon horse-jumping and driving competitions, a fact which we cannot help regretting alike for the sake of horsemanship and of the Shows. These latter must in the end suffer through perverting interest from stock as stock to animals as performers, whether of steeplechasing, or of simple trotting, cantering, and galloping. As regards horsemanship we cannot think that the surmounting of artificial obstacles before a crowd is to be regarded as the zenith of its accomplishment, while the horses themselves must be positively ill taught when they are made to jump a tall gate standing isolated with a clear way over good ground or turf open on either side. The early English and the imported Latin words of our language are not exactly synonyms, and there is a difference that can be felt when "a farmers' show" is converted into "a spectacle for agriculturists."

JUNE MEETINGS.—The title does not suggest any definite idea like that which at once associates itself with meetings held in the present month. Yet if May is remarkable for its display of philanthropic gatherings and expounding of missionary zeal, June is not less characteristic of agricultural shows and of excited discussion over gold medal cows, prize bulls, and certificated swine. On Monday next a big Show opens at Bridgwater, and June will be with us before it is closed. After six days' pause Ripon and Stirling have fixtures for the 8th of June, Hereford for the 12th, 13th, and 14th, Colchester and Peterborough for the 13th and 14th, Birkenhead for the 13th, 14th, and 15th, Worcester for the 19th, 20th, and 21st, Thorne for the 20th, Truro for the 20th and 21st, Fakenham for the 20th and 21st, Belfast for the 21st and 22nd, Winchester for the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th, Doncaster for the 27th, Beccles for the 27th, and Edinburgh for the 27th and 28th. The Great International Cattle Show at Hamburg opens on 3rd July.

THE ROYAL SHOW AT YORK bids fair to be a big success. The entries are 1,691, against 1,467 at Reading and 1,229 at Derby. Of the 1,691 614 are horses, 468 cattle, 416 sheep, and 193 pigs. The show of horses is expected to be an unusually fine one, never before equalled at a country exhibition. The weakest point of the Show seems to be in the cattle, which are not numerous, the falling off from Reading being 130, or over 20 per cent. The existing restrictions due to a fear of disease have principally to be blamed for this diminution; thus the well-known breeder, Mr. St. John Ackers, is only one of a number of owners who have resolved not to exhibit any stock at all so long as the present rules of the Privy Council remain in force. If the Show last year in little Reading with three wet days to contend against, still managed to pay its expenses, the Show at York, attracting the enormous populations of the Northern counties, should yield considerable net profit under almost any circumstances.

TAME FOXES have always been known to develop many of the ways and instincts of dogs, but Mr. Birt Jenner gives us an instance which goes farther than any we have before met with. Three cubs having been found by him, he reared them at home, and "they are now in a wire enclosure, with an artificial earth in it, and the difficulty seems to be to get them wild enough to turn out. Whenever my wife or myself go near them they show all the pleasure a dog would, jumping about and wagging their brushes." Now the wagging the tail as a sign of pleasure and token of recognition is one of the most peculiar characteristics of the dog, and it is exceedingly curious to find foxes developing the same habit, without any immediate experience as inherited from any recent generation. So far as men of science will allow us such a term, the habit must be referred to a tendency *innate* in all the genus of which dogs and foxes are two species.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—The blackcap was seen at Masham, in Yorkshire, on the 12th May, the yellow wagtail on the 13th, the wood wren on the 14th, the pied flycatcher on the same day, the corn crane also on the same day. Swifts have arrived rather early this year, and may now be seen in the London suburban districts generally. The nightjar was seen early in May at several places.—A correspondent writes from the Isle of Man that the ordinary curlew nests there, but not the stone curlew. The golden plover, the Cornish chough, the peregrine falcon and the raven are reported by him to be still flourishing under the beneficent sway of the House of Keys.—The Scotch are beginning to express apprehensions with reference to the purchase of their finest cattle by English and American breeders.

"LACKLANDERS" is the epithet applied by the Speaker of the House of Commons to the *doctrinaire* Radicals who oppose the Bill which the present Liberal Government has brought in for agricultural tenants' compensation. The name does not carry an absolute condemnation with it, but it is useful for calling attention to the fact that the persons who have lately been agitating about "the land" belong to a class which has exceedingly little interest in the land. The Speaker himself, however, "spoke" rather vaguely when he said, "I am of opinion that the land question will never be satisfactorily settled until the law regarding entail 'settlement' and intestacy is boldly dealt with." Whigs like the present Speaker seldom love plain speaking, nevertheless the address recently delivered at Royston will well repay perusal.

MR. JAMES LOWTHER, M.P., addressing his Lincoln constituents, said the Conservatives would not offer any factious opposition to the Government Bill for amending the Agricultural Holdings Bill of 1875. The general principles of the Amending Bill he could himself support, but farmers must not hope that such a measure would bring back better times. So long as foreign competition was allowed to beat the British agriculturist out of her own and every other market, so long would agricultural depression continue. If our own food-producing land was heavily taxed while foreigners could bring produce here practically rent free, the British farmer was necessarily at a great disadvantage. Neither under such circumstances could real free trade be said to exist. Mr. Lowther was received by his constituents with a heartiness of welcome which must have made him almost rejoice over the change from York.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A contemporary announces that a factory is about to be established in the South of England for the purpose of manufacturing an article resembling cheese, and to be called "oleomargarine cheese." Meat, fat, and milk are supposed to be ingredients in this new article, which another generation may have to accept as "the best Cheddar."—No less than 2,000 have already been raised towards covering the expenses of the Great Agricultural Show, to be held next year at Maidstone about Midsummer.—We deeply regret to hear that a young prize bull, the property of Mr. Glover, of Tottmanslow, has been maliciously poisoned. Two minor cases have also occurred within the past week.—We hear now and again of vagabond humanity betaking itself to the police station of its own accord, but not often do we year of similar action on the part of bullocks. Last week, however, a stray bullock, being pursued through Nottingham, took refuge in the police station, where it was promptly taken into custody.

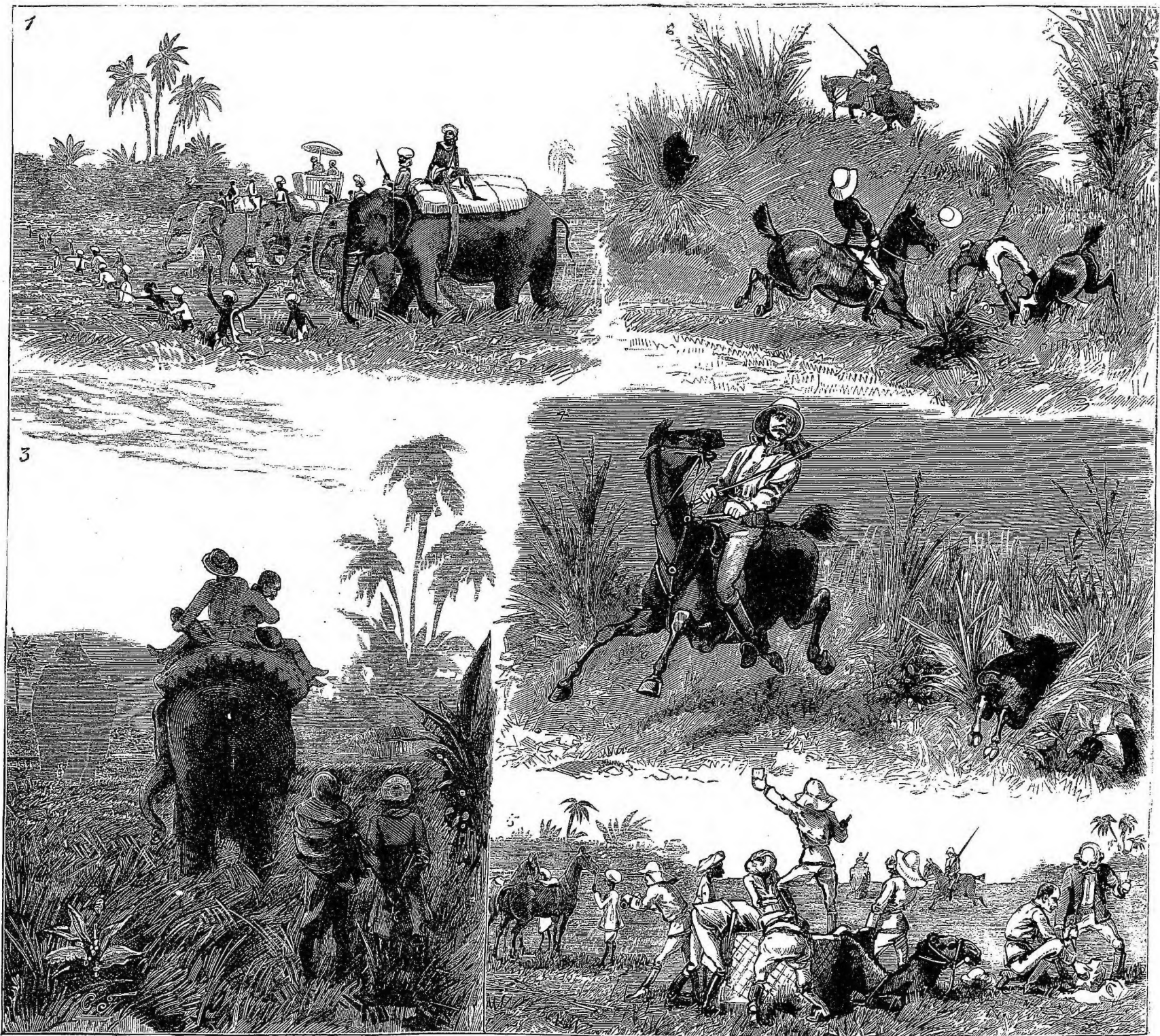








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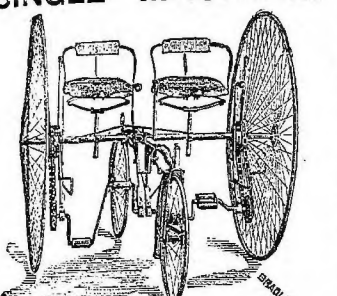
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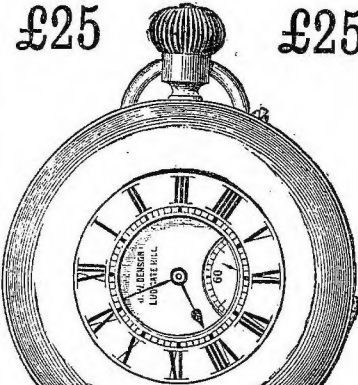
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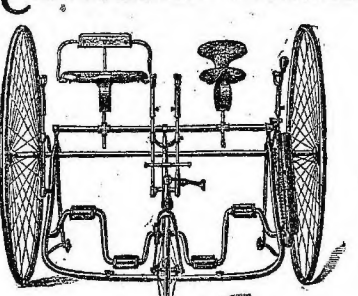
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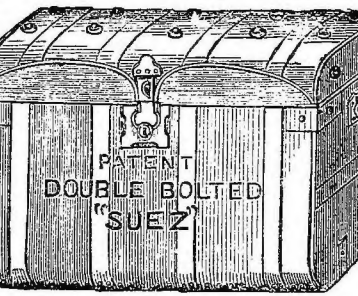
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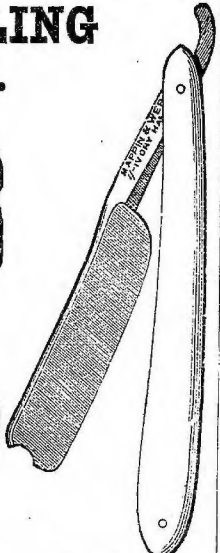
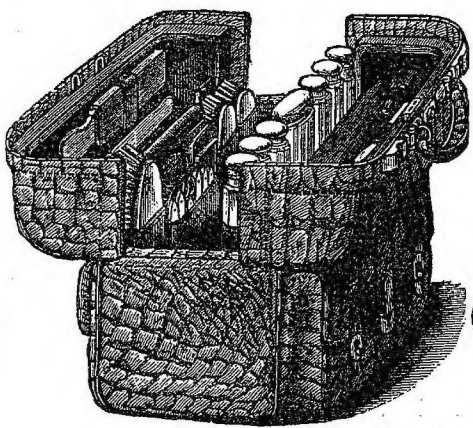
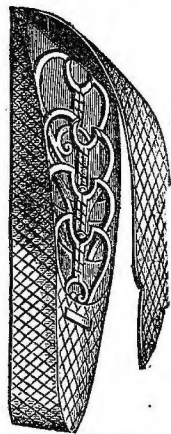
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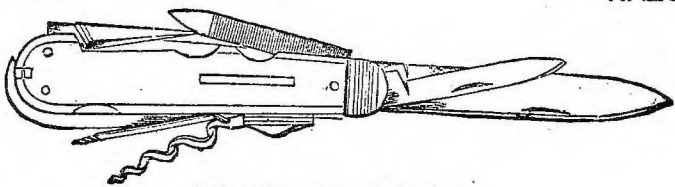
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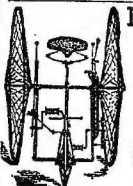


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